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March 1919

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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The

RED CROSS MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of the American National Red Cross
Published at Chicago, Illinois (73 L Plymouth Court), and Garden City, N. Y.

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A Pilgrim's Way

By Rudyard Kipling

I DO not ask for saintly souls to help me on my way,
Or male and female devilkins to lead my steps astray.
If these are added, I rejoice—if not I shall not mind,
So long as I have leave and choice to meet my fellow-kind.
For as we come and as we go (and deadly quick go we!)
The people, Lord, Thy people are good enough for me!

Then I will honor pious men whose virtue shines so bright—
(Though none are more amazed than I when I by chance do right)
And I will pity foolish men for woe their sins have bred—
(Though ninety-nine per cent. of mine I brought on my own head).
And Amorite or Eremite or general Averagee,
The people, Lord, Thy people are good enough for me!

And when men bore me over-much, I will not shake mine ears,
Recalling many thousand such whom I have bored to tears.
And when they labor to impress I will not doubt or scoff,
Since I myself have done no less and—sometimes pulled it off!
And as we are and we are not, and we pretend to be,
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

And when men do me random wrong, as many times hath been,
I will not cherish hate too long; my hands are none too clean.
And when they do me random good, I will not feign surprise,
No more than those whom I have cheered with wayside courtesies.
For as we give and as we take (whate'er our takings be),
The people, Lord, Thy people are good enough for me!

But when I meet with frantic men who sinfully declare
There is no pardon for their sin, the same I will not spare
Till I have proved that Heaven and Hell, which in our hearts we have,
Show nothing irredeemable on either side the grave.
That as we live and as we die (if any Death there be)
The people, Lord, Thy people may be good enough for me!

Deliver me from every pride—the Middle, High, and Low—
That keeps me from a brother's side, whatever pride he show;
As well, all pagan heresies of speech and thought and pen
That bid me judge him otherwise than I am judged. Amen!
That I may sing of crowd and king and road-borne company,
That I may labor in my day, vocation and degree,
To prove the same in thing and name, and hold unshakenly
(Where'er I go, whate'er I know, whoe'er my neighbor be)
This single faith in Life and Death, unto Eternity—
The people, Lord, Thy people are good enough for me!

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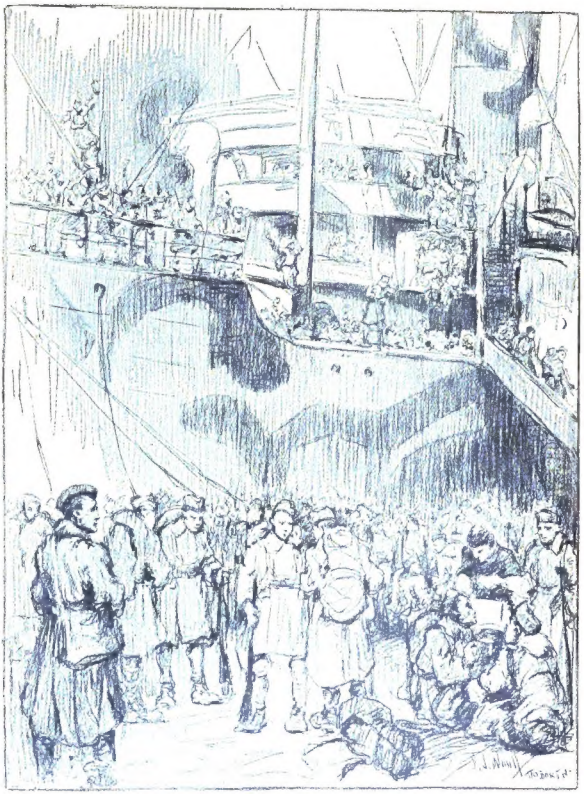

Fifty-five thousand of these soldiers reached the port of New York in the last thirty days of the Victory Year

"When the Troopships Come In" (page 3)

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XIV *March, 1919* NUMBER 3

When the Troopships Come In

Stories of the riotous welcome our returned soldiers receive when they arrive

By Frank Ward O'Malley

Of the *New York Sun*

Illustrated by S. J. WOOLF

THROUGHOUT many tense months of a spring, summer, and early autumn of the war's last year, ship-load after ship-load of khaki-clad lads left our shores to keep certain pressing engagements abroad, each toting his individual set of skids and rollers to slip beneath Wilhelm the Over-Insured. Then even the mightiest of troopships, the *Leviathan*, would swim eastward, black and silent and majestic, through the Narrows of New York Bay at mysterious moments of dusk or at an inky midnight hour, with a cityful of more than 14,000 souls aboard—a floating city in itself with a population equal to the sum total of every man, woman, and child in Hackensack, N. J., greater in population than Augusta, Me., Corning, N. Y., Bethlehem, Pa., or Santa Barbara, Cal., and not a human being in the greatest city of 6,000,000 hard by would get an inkling, by word of mouth or harbor sound, that the ship had gone.

There was only silence, dumb silence, even among the youngsters in khaki, whose summery campaign hats made a motionless, dun-colored carpet that stretched from rail to rail on the forward main deck of the out-going ship. The young crusaders, under orders to remain quiet, faded out to sea without an answering hand-wave to the few who called a godspeed from passing river craft, their backs turned, for the first and last time, in the general direction of the German Army, as they stood and watched in silence the lights of Coney Island recede and sink into the western blackness that was "home."

But when they came back again, as they have been coming to American ports for months, are still coming and will continue to come—Eeeeeeeyip! *Eeeeeee!* YOW! That second trip, in the right direction now, past the Liberty Girl who stands with her substantial feet on the front porch of the United States of America and her bronze brow in the clouds, is something else again!

It was in the last weeks of the Victory Year just past that the home-coming welcomes were at their best, or before the ban was put on waterfront noises, the racket causing confusion to navigating officers as the troopships crept out of the mists of midday or the fogs of dawn and tried to nose a path to their piers without plowing up and mussing the lawns in front of the Army post residences on Governor's Island. Those were the days, from the beginning of last November until the final hours and minutes of the late and lamented Victory Year, when the harbor during daylight hours was in a chronic condition of eruption.

The tiny whistle on the low roof of a two-by-four factory perched on a Staten Island hill sometimes had

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the honor, because of geographical advantages, of piercing the skies with the initial eagle scream of greeting as an inbound troopship loomed out of the mists and steamed up the bay. Again, the honor went to the *basso profundo* siren of an outgoing liner, or to the mad wail of anguished happiness which a sharp-eyed engineer in a certain South Brooklyn factory always was primed to let loose from the deep-throated whistle above his engine room. It matters not who had the honor of starting a given bunch of ructions: instantly along the New York and New Jersey shores the whistles snorted and chortled and barked until, from the Narrows north to Yonkers, all the sirens of the world metropolis had merged into one splendid croon of joy, as if the god of all choristers were striking his tuning fork as the morning stars began to sing together.

Labor halts in mills and factories boasting of waterfront exposures. In downtown skyscrapers of Manhattan the office boys, startled out of their deep contemplation of a choice of leaving their work to take their twelfth drink of water that morning or washing their hands for the eighth time, jump to their feet at the first blast of this happier excuse for temporary relaxation—alas, only to find, upon skidding toward western office windows, that the Old Man, the Junior Partner, and the Misses Tillie Remington, Bertha Underwood, and Mignonette Corona have blocked the view of the whole goshdarned river, because the boss and the girls want to wave a germ-disseminating Chautauqua salute!

Somewhere amid the all-pervading roar of welcome brass bands are playing, afloat and ashore. Neurasthenic tugs streak out from shore at the apex of a V of foam to bob alongside the towering troopship, not because the tug skippers wish to seek "business" when the warping-in shall begin but solely that they may race up the river abreast of the vessel as a busy little volunteer guard of honor. At some vague spot inside a mist of leaping spray that seems to cling to the after decks of the advancing troopship, the city fireboats are shooting tons of water plumes into the skies from their deck nozzles, the billows of white mists trailing aft and away, as if the giantess sea lady had come home again wearing a filmy train of lovely old lace. Everywhere is movement, noise, more movement. And all the glint and glitter of sunlight dancing on waters and polished brass sizzle forth with a double, quadruple dazzle of brilliancy as the police boat *Patrol*, with "Hizzonner" the Mayor's Committee of Welcome aboard, sloshes hysterically up the river, and so enables the sun to take a good crack at the shiny tops and sides of the committeemen's three-quart high hats.

Sometimes, of course, a returning troopship has the ill luck to make her home port on a wet and nasty day, all of which slows down the hoopla quality of the welcome considerably, does it not? It does not. The sun cannot dance on the river then and there is a slight, very slight, thinning of the cheering crowds that line the Battery wall; but the bands still bang and *oom-pah*, the welcomers hurrah, the men and lassies of the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the "Knights," and the "Y" wave their flags in the rain and hurriedly prepare to deal out coffee and buns, cigarettes, chocolates, telegraph blanks, and post cards extravagantly—the "Y" men footing the bills for all the telegrams the incoming soldiers may wish to send from the pier.

The impression should not be permitted to persist in freshwater towns that an incoming troopship, once her skipper has sighted Sandy Hook, keeps on coming through the Narrows and into the North River, and never slows down until it is time to throw on the ship's brakes opposite her pier. Not at all! Frequently a combination of Customs, Health, and Transport Service officials, or a merger of low tides and fogs, sadly dents the prearranged running schedule. Too often some natural or human force halts the troopship down the Bay, whereupon the last inches of the trip from Europe to a newly Americanized Hoboken waterfront are painfully measured off in tedious fashion.

One can scarcely imagine anything better calculated to sustain the feverish interest of a homecoming doughboy or sailorman, at a point just this side of delirium, than to race him westward across the Atlantic in a six-day liner, and then, just when the first meaty land breeze begins to blow chunks of atmosphere from the Bayonne oil refineries out to the homecomers, to have the skipper of the troopship holler from the bridge, in effect: "Here we are, lads, off Luna Park, Coney, and a likely place it is to spend the rest of the waning day and night. Out with the mudhook, mates! Warm up the beans, and after supper and a good night's rest aboard ship

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we'll resume cur journey and dock at Hubbuckn tomorrow, or mebbe next Thursday—if the weather clears."

Soldier lads during recent weeks have been anchored in the Lower Bay or off Quarantine, champing impatiently at their chewing tobacco, for twenty-four and thirty-six hours, all because wintry fogs at times have been so solid (this on the word of an Army chaplain who was pastor of a church at Hartford, Conn., and therefore of a probity unimpeachable) that when the anchor was chucked overboard, at least eighteen, sometimes twenty-two, minutes would elapse from the time the anchor was thrown out onto the fog until it hit the surface of the water. During these near-but-ever-so-far delays there are usually but two bright moments in the lives of the anchored: (a) when the good ship *Patrol* comes alongside with the Mayor's Committee and a police band and glee club aboard; and (b) when the bundles of New York newspapers are tossed to the decks of the troopship.

A happier sort of outburst begins to detonate from the troopship when the police boat *Patrol*, her upper deck paved with gleaming high hats, draws alongside a transport down the Bay. Be it known that just as an American savior of democracy in his late teens or twenties cheers with the glad youthfulness one hears in a college town, just so also is his bump of reverence developed to that high degree so noticeable in the throngs of undergraduate cubs that surge through Chapel Street, Conn., Chestnut Street, Pa., or Nassau Street, N. J., on the night of the day that the "right" team has won the big football game of the year.

As I, in the course of the day's work, have "met" 1,000, 10,000, 50,000 of the well and the pitifully shattered soldier lads (most of them quite well again, thank you) as they came into the Port of New York in recent months, I could not help but remember, while watching them make game of the pompous municipal officials and other formal greeters on the *Patrol*, the words of a very solemn English army officer as he described these same American boys in the thick of war.

"'Straordinary!" drawled the Englishman. "I mean to say, your American soldiers do not take even war and death seriously. Now, when one of our Tommies arrives back of the lines with his prisoners he may have a bit of grin on his face, but that is all. The poilu as a rule is a very solemn looking chap as he escorts his German prisoners rearward. But your American boys—my word! I've seen them come into a French village walking just behind a most furious Hun colonel—a *colonel*, mark you!—and laughing uproariously as they prod the colonel, harmlessly and playfully, with the tip of a bayonet. And while this Hun colonel chap protested over his shoulder vigorously against the indignities, the American boys continued to spoof their prisoner with the most 'straordinary expressions while prodding him along. 'Make it snappy, kid!' 'Step lively—plenty of room in the forward part of the car!' 'Officer, he's in again!' 'Hey, Jimmy! Lookut this perfectly good colonel the cat dragged in!'—I mean to say, all that sort of tommyrot."

And even though a doughboy may have left his arm or leg on a Flanders field, he always brings his merriness and his bump of irreverence back into New York Bay. The distinguished citizens who compose the Mayor's committees, the Mayor of the world metropolis himself, inspire not the least awe in the youthful soldiers draped over the rails of the troopships as the *Patrol* comes alongside. A committeeman raises a megaphone to his lips and declaims impressively, "We welcome you, soldiers of our great Republic, home to American shores after your magnificent service in the great cause of——"

"Well then, for the luvva Pete, mister, drop your horn and put us ashore!" "When do we eat, bo?" "Hey, Mister Mayor, chuck us a steak smothered with lamb chops!" "Has the old home gone prohibition, Guv'ner?" "You ain't gotta coupla loose fried eggs wrapped in hot ham in your pocket, have you, kid?" "Aw, can the speechmaking and tell us who won the world's seerees!" "Hit me with a bottle o' beer, Senator!" "Hey, you cops! I committed a coupla murders on this ship coming across—c'mon up here and pull me off and lock me up in the Tenderloin station!"

Then, after the cigarettes and newspapers and chocolates have been tossed aboard, and the bands have played and the Police Department glee club has caroled, up the Bay toward the Liberty Lady, the *Patrol* sets her course, with the troopship trailing after. Precisely as the huddled immigrants always mass themselves silently forward on the main deck when an inbound liner sweeps up the Bay to her pier, so do the homecoming soldier lads scramble toward vantage points, once they glimpse the Statue and the sky-reaching buildings in the haze beyond, on that part of a transport which a non-seagoing doughboy from the

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Middle West has been heard to call "the front stoop of the ship." Doubtless the wide-eyed immigrant sees, as the liner swings slightly to starboard through the Narrows and straightens out toward the river, clumps of trees in Battery Park, the leaves of which certainly are of solid silver, all clustered with fourteen karat golden fruit that may be had for the plucking. The incoming doughboy has no such illusions; nevertheless, his face is aglow with just the same light which radiates from the eyes of the young immigrant gazing up the Bay upon El Dorado for the first time. But, for a longer time than in the case of the immigrant, the home-again doughboy bends his gaze, fixed and unwinking, on the Statue looming aloft and then, beyond, upon the dream city that reaches to heaven through the morning mists in shimmering, trembling beauty. For the Statue and the Woolworth Tower, so soldier lads have told me as I have stood among them coming up the Bay, came to hold a high place of honor in their mental picture gallery of remembrances as they kept dreary night vigil in the trenches or, perhaps, lay for hours in a shell hole with arm or jaw gone, smashed or torn, neglected and forgotten—thus they had thought in their black loneliness—by all their bright and onetime lovely world. To these, in the lull of fighting, the Statue of Liberty and the skyscrapers of Manhattan came to mean all America—home.

"God!" reverently murmured a colonel, whose services with the 28th Division of Pennsylvania shock troops had left him with but one leg, a crippled arm, and a great red scar running from ear to jaw, "I thought I had got more than my share of wollops; but when I look this morning at the Statue of Liberty and the big town beyond, I realize that I never was scratched at all compared to a Philadelphia boy from my regiment we have aboard. He suffered so much exposure in the trenches that he developed meningitis, which affected his eyes. And now he's coming up the Bay here, with all this wonderful sight spread out before us. He's stone blind."

When it comes to prying loose from the human cargo of a troopship the Homeric tales that are locked in the hearts of every mother's fighting son aboard, one is baffled by the great characteristic of American youth—bashfulness and fear of their listening colleagues' banter and ridicule. Also the tales are slow in forthcoming owing to another all-pervading virtue which is not thought extensively to flourish in the United States, the same being modesty. By persevering all the way up the Bay and North River, however, one sometimes loosens reluctant tongues. Bit by bit the stories of personal experiences are briefly told and, after one has heard half a hundred or more of the artless *raconteurs*, one comes away filled largely with a realization of the bald sameness of the narratives of bashful lads, who, stepping from a factory bench or a farm in a peaceful valley, had marched through the gates of hell, young gentlemen unafraid. But perhaps if even the super-*raconteur*, Signor D. Alighieri, of Florence, had made seven separate trips to the Seven Terraces of his Purgatory, coming back from each trip with a yarn to spin, the Florentines would have yawned wearily over the fifth or sixth recital.

"Well, I was going forward at Soissons"—so run the tales, with slight variations as to time and place and nature of mishaps, as told by all returning officers and men—"when a high explosive got me. They carried me back and took off my leg at the hospital.

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When I was well enough they shipped me over here. That's about all there was to it."

Thus speak the self-conscious youngsters, even when the lie is given to their humble words by a bit of striped ribbon and the glorious War Cross of France, which dangles from an olive drab shirt or tunic in a way that screams vehemently to heaven that this most decidedly was not "about all there was to it." Time and again as a soldier, propped on crutches and surrounded by armless and legless youths or uninjured lads, told the interviewers in fifty words a bare outline of his reason for having the *Croix de Guerre* or an American decoration, he would race orally to the fiftieth word and then, with a new heartiness and much more deliberation, exclaim:

"Aw, forget me, you newspaper guys. But listen! Give a swell boost in your papers to the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the Knights o' Columbus. Get me?"

His buddies crowd close (always on a returning troopship there are at least a score of doughboys who supplement their brief personal narratives with just such a remark), and every olive drab lad in the knot of listeners fervently begins to add his exhortations to "boost" the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the Knights—the three organizations almost always being listed in the order set down here.

There was one tall, tow-headed lad who pressed eagerly forward as the newspaper men were questioning a wounded soldier one stormy morning a few weeks ago in the dimly lighted sick bay of the *Leviathan*, the troopship having just been warped into her Hoboken pier with almost 12,000 returning soldiers and sailors aboard. The wounded man, who lay prone on a "lower berth" of the double-deck cots which cluttered the great ship's hospital, told in less than fifty words why he had been cited twice for extraordinary heroism and decorated by France and the United States, the rest of the pitifully wounded boys—those able to stand—crowding as close as the limited space between the double tier cots would permit. The tall, tow-headed lad who had pressed into the circle wore the *Croix de Guerre* with palm and also, it was learned later, had been recommended for the *Medaille Militaire*.

"Who? Me?" suddenly blurted the tall boy with a gulp of astonishment, his face aflame as it came to him that the newspaper men had dismissed from their minds the prone hero on the cot and were fastening their combined gaze upon the French war cross—with palm—on the tall boy's breast; were asking him his name, and why an American private had been so lavishly decorated by France.

"I don't—I didn't—remember much that happened," he stammered, already beginning to edge away painfully from the limelight as more and more questions were being shot in the general direction of his blushes. "All I remember about it was that I went out on a wheat field at Château-Thierry I was a stretcher-bearer—and helped some of the boys in, and then I went out and helped more of the boys in."

"In where?"

"In back where they ought to be, in with us. I guess I went out a lot of times and helped fellows in. I don't remember much of the details. I think that—Well, I'm glad to meet you. Thanks."

And he faded miserably into the far shadows of the sick bay. He had tried to make light of his exploits, but as he spoke the writing men present, who had "covered" battle and fire and sudden death, were conscious again of the truism which their craft learns early: that the soldier who has the thrill, the excite-

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ment of battle to sustain him as he rushes on to meet death undoubtedly is brave, but that braver far is the fireman—or stretcher-bearer—who has time mentally to debate his chances before calmly he decides to say good-bye to himself, and then shins up the façade of a burning building to a high window—or out upon a shell-swept wheat field at Château-Thierry—to save a brother rimmed with flame or weltering in a shell hole.

SOMETIMES the exploit that won a decoration was of a nature so magnificent that even the modest reticence of the hero (and how the young homecomers detest that word hero!) could not quite fog the blaze of glory that had lighted his path to fame. There was Johnny Marks, of Arkansas, for instance, who came home recently aboard the onetime German raider *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*, now the United States Navy Transport *De Kalb*.

"Well, I was going forward with the 6th Regiment of Marines when a high explosive and gas . . . and that's about all there was to it," et ceterah-rahrah! Thus Marine Johnny Marks, running true to doughboy and marine form by trying to tell a cosmic epic in fifty words. One would need all the pages of this Magazine merely to outline the things that happened to Johnny when he was shot at Belleau Woods last June, went over the top at Soissons a month later with a brigade of 6,800 marines, took the objective with "little more than a battalion" left of the brigade, started out with just his own little company the next morning to take a hamlet from the Huns, took the hamlet after all but Johnny and four other marines had been killed, and then was stretched out himself with a bullet and gassed—with now only two of his company standing beside him—and still hanging on to the hamlet throughout a terrible night.

But at daybreak, even when the suffering Johnny Marks was almost ready to call quits, out of a haze that hung low across a swamp staggered a line of haggard, dark-eyed little men, their muddy uniforms the color of the blue-gray of the mists of the dawn from which they had come. Johnny, with almost a last effort at life, raised himself on an elbow to welcome the deliverers. "*Vive la France!*" he gasped—and sank back unconscious as the haggard French fighting devils swept onward to the spot where Johnny lay, and charged eastward so far beyond the little hamlet that straightway the village again was a part of France forever and forever.

SIXTY-EIGHT thousand Johnny Marks reached Atlantic ports of the United States during the thirty days preceding the end of the Victory Year, 55,000 of these having been landed at the Port of New York. Wherefore 55,000 of the Homeric tales were brought through the Narrows last December, tales which never will be fully told, perhaps, at least not until the convalescent lads have stretched themselves luxuriously in an easy chair before the home hearth in Farmington, Me., Pittston, Pa., Chicago, Ragweed Junction or Hellandgone, Mont. Then, with a plate of red apples and a table knife at one's elbow, with pop and mom and wide-eyed young brothers and sisters listening open-mouthed, the traveled man of the family perhaps lazily will recall magnificent moments.

But just now, as he comes up the Bay, with wonders unfolding to port and starboard that sometimes during forlorn hours in the Argonne or Flanders he had feared he never again would see, it would be a cruel and an unusual punishment to ask him to cease feasting his eyes and to talk.

Navy and Coast Guard navigators have brought him through thousands of miles of wintry storm and stress on a split second schedule, with all that nicety of exact seamanship which has won for these blue-clad American gentlemen extravagant praise from the sailormen among all the nations of decent peoples of Europe who were our brothers in the great fight. The American Army, particularly all that beautifully systematized Personnel Service of our Army which, under the able direction of Major General David C. Shanks and Brigadier-General George H. McManus of the Port of Embarkation, is ready at the pier with the gangplank, the brass bands from Camp Merritt or Camp Upton, the railway trains, hospital tugs and motor-driven ambulances to expedite the debarkation and to speed up the transfer of the well and ill from the ship to nearby camps or hospitals—there to remain during the few days, sometimes weeks, that must intervene before the soldier returns to mufti.

The blue-frocked daughters of the Great Mother are at the pier end, waving a welcome with their flags of white and red, then racing back along the pier to arrange for the distribution of the vats of steaming coffee and buns to the 50, the 5,000, 10,000 whose innards must be warmed and filled when the returning warriors are lined up on the pier. At the shore end of the docks are jammed the parents and sweethearts, brothers and sisters, all pleading and trying to bribe the Customs men and military police who, thoroughly ashamed of themselves, are compelled to tell those who carry no Government passes that they must stand on the far, or landward, side of West Street, Manhattan, or River Street, Hoboken, even if "our Jimmy is aboard the ship." And so they stand there (Government passes may not be had for the asking), sometimes for hours in the rain, happy because they can hear the distant cheers and braying of bands that are greeting Jimmy, thanking God for the mere glimpse of a foretop or a towering stack that looms above a pier roof as the liner snuggles into her berth.

A greatest cheer reaches the outlanders huddled in the waterfront street, and that's a sign that the gangplank at last has definitely connected the troopship with one-forty-eighth of these United States. The overworked band rips forth with the opening strains and aesthetic harmonies of the classic which greets all homecoming soldiers and bluejackets; so great is the thrill then that even the Red Cross girls forget themselves to the extent (I've stood at their elbows repeatedly and therefore know what I know) of lifting their soprano voices, too, when the homecomers, rocking with joy, burst forth in the immortal lyric of the anthem:

> "Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!
> What the hell do we care *NOW!*"

It's shocking!

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And on to their own, their native, land runs the olive-drab band that is all America—Cohens and Vanderbilts, O'Raffertys, Repettis, MacPhersons, Schmaltzes, Swensens, Hoopers, Lees of Vaginyuh, and Wu Lees of Chinatown, sons and grandsons of ex-Presidents and their chauffeurs, entire crates of Smiths and Browns and Joneses—piling ashore in merry tumult, with the broad grins and the boyish skip and jump of small American youngsters spilling out of school on the eve of a holiday, hobbling happily on crutches if a leg has been left in France. Gray-haired men in mufti, who somehow have got onto the pier, cry out and throw their arms around lanky sixfooters, kissing the home-again soldier, who kisses his father back and is unashamed. American men do not kiss their grown sons, eh? Well, just go on to a pier when a troopship comes in and see for yourself. And as for the sons, so many of them have been decorated in France, and therefore kissed by French generals, that doubtless the osculatory greeting of their fathers comes now as less of a shock than in the old days.

Then the "litter cases," the last to be brought on to the pier, are tenderly carried down the gangplank and lifted on to a hospital tug or into one of the clutter of ambulances waiting at the street level of the pier, and the blur of white face looking up from a blanket edge blooms into radiant joy. Most heart-gripping of all—fortunately they are few, but the sight of only one on a troopship remains in the mind for days—are the lads whose sight has been blasted forever. Everyone—generals, admirals, policemen, and stevedores—makes way for them, unconsciously reaching out a steadying hand as the blind boy in olive drab sets a groping foot on to the land he never again will see. And the blind, with the feel of solid earth once more beneath their feet, "look" off in that fixed way the sightless have and smile their thanks to God that they are once again in their home land.

Ambulances clang, hospital tugs and lighters slosh away with their happy cargoes bound for troop train or hospital. From street to pier head the crowds melt. And the lads in olive drab have begun the last lap of a journey which soon is to land them at their factory jobs again, in the shops or in the peaceful valley farms of an America which to many, at the beginning of the war, may have been (to quote the great ex-President just laid at rest on the shore of Long Island Sound), "not a country but a polyglot boarding house," but which is now—thanks to the homebound soldier and sailor lads—a far-spread nation of two-fisted he-men, and will be forever, unless a coming generation lazily permits itself to grow soft again.

The Great Peace

Melville Chater

"To give light to them that sit in darkness and to guide our feet into the ways of peace"

NOT with a bleared and smitten brow,
  Not with a broken sword,
Nor smouldered in defeat, we bow
  Who come before Thee, Lord,
But kneel where flags and freemen throng,
  Hope of the nation's eyes—
Lord God, who mad'st our soldiers strong,
  Make thou our statesmen wise!

The dun smoke drifts, there dawns through hell
  A resurrected earth,
Whose hosts await what miracle
  Their pangs have brought to birth.
Then see we stumble not ere long,
  False stewards in Thy sight—
Lord God, who wrothened us at wrong,
  Purge Thou our hearts for right!

Man hath not won so high a fate
  Since life was bred from slime,
Nor held a trust so consecrate
  To stablish future time.
Then school Thy builders, lest in pride
  False Babel rise again;
And warring tongues our work deride
  The shame of unborn men.

Sober in deed, in judgment slow,
  Kindled beneath Thy breath,
Let us uproot the tares, let grow
  Life's harvest, dunged in death.
We, womb of earth's new avatar,
  Implore unsoiled increase—
Lord God, who heightened us for war,
  Humble us now for peace!

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A first crop on logged-off land in North Carolina, near Bolton. In the background is a typical logged-off land area

Uncle Sam's Farms for Soldiers

Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, tells about the great plans for the opening of new lands

By Edward Hungerford

HERE'S something for you or some of your kindred, whether they went to war or not. It is a huge plan of the big United States. Hundreds of millions of acres of land are to be opened up, with happiness and community life thrown in. The new farms are not to be lonely farms. What the Secretary of the Interior has to say is interesting, human, and important.

HEY, sister," comes a voice from one of the cot-beds in the big debarkation hospital, "give me a minute of your time, won't you?"

"Sister" is a ward-correspondent in the hospital. She is far more besides—the graduate of Vassar College at Poughkeepsie, the daughter of a family well known in New York since the white man first came to live upon the island of Manhattan, a girl who has had the predilection and the taste for refined social enjoyment of every sort. Nowadays she is ward-correspondent in the debarkation hospital that was wrought almost overnight in a once famous department store, a huge structure in lower Sixth Avenue, New York. The voice was that of little Johnny C——; Johnny C——, from a small Ohio county-seat, who never dreamed of going further than Marietta or, at the farthest, metropolitan Cincinnati; Johnny C—— who has been to Château-Thierry and who has been honorably wounded in the service of his country.

"Sister" crosses the ward—yesterday it was Misses and Children's Suits—and takes a chair at the head of the cot. And Johnny C—— begins to pour his story into her sympathetic ear. And because it is a true story we are going to put down a paragraph or two of it.

Johnny C—— had spent twenty-six years of his life doing nothing, up to the time when his country entered the greatest of all wars. No, not exactly doing nothing. For it is just possible that the Panhandle might have ceased running its passenger trains through Johnny's town if he had not been down at the depot to meet each and every one of them. That, seemingly, was a man-sized job in itself and John lived up to it like—well, like any town loafer. There is no use in mincing words. John didn't. He told "sister" quite frankly about all of it—how he had fallen into a habit of easy and frequent drinking; how his father bent his shoulders over the day's work at the little store that was his own; and how his mother, who was getting along in years, was breaking hers in the unsupported day's drudgery in their home. But when the country went into war——

"They got together and they told me that I'd better enlist," he said. "They didn't want me to wait until I got roped in by the draft. I wasn't very anxious at first. But even though I had the rep of being sort o'

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wild, sister, I always thought the world of both of them. I went. And got this nasty bit of shrapnel in my side."

The ward-correspondent's face brightened.

"Which you will be rid of in another sixty days and ready to go back again to Ohio—and see both of them."

Johnny shook his head.

"Not again," he said quietly. "The 'flu' got both of them—within a week of one another." He was silent.

"You've a brother or a sister?" she finally ventured.

"Neither. Nothing." And then corrected himself. "Nothing but the little business my old man left me, and pounded hell out of me because I wouldn't go to the business school in our town and learn enough to run it properly. Now I know. I saw more things than Germans at Château-Thierry. . . . Now I know."

Johnny C—— lifted his voice. A smile came again to his lips.

"The war showed me some things, sister. For one, it showed me myself. I'm going to go back to Ohio, to the old house and the little store, and I'm going to run that little business just as if the old man's eye was on me and my mother at the supper table. And then——"

He hesitated.

"And then?" she repeated.

"I shall have earned the full right to wear this little thing upon the outside of my coat."

And so saying, he unbuttoned that garment and showed her, tightly fastened to its lining and well back from plain sight, the *Croix de Guerre!*

Four million fighting men are on their way home. What are we going to do toward making them free and independent and self-respecting and efficient citizens? How about work? Will they get back their old jobs? In an instant the answer to this last question suggests itself; already there has been an effort by many patriotic employers to hold open, through either consolidation or temporary substitution, the positions which the boys left when they went into the service. But some of these positions could not be held open. And many of them were filled, and filled satisfactorily, by workers who now are reluctant to relinquish them. This is particularly true in the many thousands of cases where women were called to do work heretofore supposed to be within the sole province of men. They have done it so well that to-day it remains an open question as to whether some of the jobs will not be known henceforth as typical women's labor rather than that of men.

Will our men who have won the *Croix de Guerre* or the Distinguished Service Order upon the field of battle be seeking the same honors upon the field of business opportunity? How many thousands of Johnny C——s are coming back, with his spirit and determination in their souls? And how are all the rest coming? And what are we going to do with them when they do come, in particular the fellows who will return to their home towns and find their old jobs gone, and new ones perhaps not easy to discover?

It was to find the answer to some of these questions, at least, that I journeyed to Washington a few weeks ago and sought out the man whom they told me was attempting a most careful and detailed solution of the problem—Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Lane makes no claim to omniscience, but he has given real time and real thought to this perplexing and immediate national question. And through the province of his particular job for our Uncle Sam, he has attempted to work out an immediate and practical solution.

The homes of the first settlers on the Shoshone Desert in Wyoming

"We never are going to return to the idea that was," begins the Secretary. "The United States is not going to be after the war as it was before. The man that comes back from this war will be treated by us with distinguished consideration because he has taken a risk that we have not taken. But that is not enough. That man I believe is going to insist upon larger opportunity for himself; and the largest opportunity that he wants is to make himself independent. The returning soldier is going to have a conception of a social America

Go gle

The Roosevelt Dam stores enough water to cover Delaware a foot deep. It irrigates 200,000 acres near Phoenix. It cost $11,000,000, and the crop produced on the irrigated land in 1917 was valued at over $14,000,000

This photograph, taken in 1911, shows alfalfa grown in the Shoshone district, on land which was desert land in 1908

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The Arrowrock Dam, the highest in the world—350 feet—is on the Boise River near Boise, Idaho

Another view in the Shoshone District, showing crops on land only two years from desert

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that we have not, for do not forget that this war has been a mighty force of leveling. When we adopted the draft, we did a thing that was of the deepest and most far-reaching consequence. We did a thing that put the millionaire's boy and the lawyer's boy alongside of the boot-black and the farmer and the street-car driver. It was the most essentially democratic thing that this country ever has done, and the spirit of the draft is going to continue after the war."

MR. LANE speaks in truisms—and does not. We know what he means, but beg that for the moment he turn from the abstract to the concrete; from the high idealism of the individual thought and spirit of our Army—in many ways and because of these very qualities, perhaps, the most amazing army that the world has seen in the long centuries since the Crusaders —to the actual opportunity that awaits it upon its home-coming. What is he going to do with the Johnny C——s who have no little store in the home-town awaiting their coming? Ask him. He has definite plans. And because his plans are both definite and practical, we have come to Washington to learn of them.

"On the one hand over 200,000,000 acres of unproductive land," he continues, "and on the other 4,000,000 returning fighting men who will want jobs, or the honest opportunity to procure a home."

We know. Land and the returned soldier. We remember how, in the years that immediately followed the closing of our own Civil War, the returning soldiers of the blue uniforms found their ways in thousands and in tens of thousands to the fertile and undeveloped lands of Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas. But those were fertile lands; and Mr. Lane is speaking here of unproductive land.

"Unproductive is hardly the word," he affirms. "Those 200,000,000 acres to-day represent a veritable No Man's Land of desolation. And yet they may represent the social and economic salvation of America.

"The greatest problem that any country has is its own self-support. Remember that, so long as we are both industrially and agriculturally independent, no one has a lever that, in a time of crisis, he can use against this nation. We have come to be independent in our resources, to be strong, and to be respected. We must so keep ourselves. Long years ago we were the greatest of all agricultural people and Thomas Jefferson wanted us to remain in that position. He thought that the safety and security of the United States lay in the fact that we would live on farms. When De Toqueville came over here in 1830, he said that the reason democracy was a success in this country was because we were all practically living on farms, living on what we raised ourselves, and were standing equal

"Yet to-day the tendency in the United States is away from the farm toward the city, toward industrial life, toward aggregations of people—away from the small city to the larger town and from the larger town to the metropolis. People are being drawn from the farms until to-day one-half of the arable land this side of the Mississippi is unused; so that between Washington and New Orleans there are forty million acres of land privately owned and unused; so that in the great Northwest, beginning as far east as Minnesota, there are 100,000,000 acres of cut-over lands that practically are unused. We have a new nation and a vast nation in the undrained lands of our rivers and our bays and our inlets, lands that are as rich as any that lie out-of-doors the world over, that are as rich as the valley of the Nile or that of the Euphrates. In the far western country alone there are at least 15,000,000 acres that we can put under water. And under water that land will produce more than one crop a year, and exceptionally rich crops, too.

"This war has compelled us to extend ourselves in a great many different directions. Because of the necessities of our condition the Government has taken to itself unprecedented and unthought-of powers. And so I ask that to meet the problem of the returned soldier, and meet it at once, we ought to take advantage of this opportunity to do at once the work that, in any event, must eventually be done. For one thing, we ought to reclaim the arid lands of the West. We can store the waters of the Colorado River in the basins of the Grand River and the Green River and then, at the right time, let them flow down upon the desert of Arizona and make it raise cotton and cantaloupes and alfalfa. This is not visionary; it is not even difficult. Mark the prosperity which already has come to many sections of the West through the construction by the Reclamation Service of reservoirs and dams—many of them already world-famous—to conserve a limited water supply and, through thousands of miles of canals and laterals, to furnish it when needed to the thirsty land the land which but yesterday was desert, the homes of prairie-dogs and jack-rabbits, the land of the sage-brush and the cactus.

SO MUCH for irrigation. That is but a single part of the plan. Think of coming east and taking the lands that to-day are swamp and waste—that have too much water instead of too little—and of building ditches and dikes and so putting them into the service of America. Think of the opportunities which exist in the delta lands of the Mississippi alone. And of the cut-over lands. Go both east and west and take the stumps out of them. It can be done. It should be done. This is what I should call the real making of the nation."

Mr. Lane's enthusiasm becomes contagious. Yet one must come back to earth, to the plain, hard realities of to-day.

"It costs money," we venture. "It would cost a lot of money. Private capital——"

The Secretary of the Interior interrupts us. He has no quarrel with private capital; but he believes, simply and sincerely, that at the present time this particular big job cannot be done with private capital, and he frankly says so.

"It is not to be done as a private enterprise, chiefly because that is a slow, slow process. Men become discouraged and disheartened when they face the problem of pulling a single Oregon fir stump out of the ground. Multiply that particular problem by the tens of thousands, and you will see a task that requires not merely large capital but large organization."

I think I know what the Secretary means. A few years ago private capital started an extensive reclama-

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tion scheme in western New York—there are few folks who realize that the State of New York ranks fourth among those of the Union in its acreage of waste and swampy land. That private reclamation scheme was a hard job, notwithstanding the fact that the State, out of its funds, dug the drainage canal, and a fairly big Wall Street banking house financed the project and sent an expert construction engineer of high talents to supervise it. It took time and money—more than $4,000,000—to make the rich, black muck fit for the growing of garden truck, and when the entire thing was done, there was less than 9,000 acres reclaimed. And we have just been talking of millions of acres.

But the thing can be done. It simply requires men and money—and time. We have the men now, not merely hundreds of thousands but actually millions, disciplined and organized and trained for work. We have the money—or should have by the time we succeed in cancelling the vast munition obligations of which the coming of a quick peace has relieved us. So far Mr. Lane has been most modest in his financial demands upon Congress. Two hundred thousand dollars is all that he has asked, or received, although he knows that this will not carry him a very great distance. To accomplish real results he must speak in millions, perhaps in quarter-billions or half-billions, for real results never can be attained if the big job is to be done by halves. And Mr. Lane only sees the thing in real results.

"I can conceive of a United States," he says, "that will be as rich per acre as France, in which the people will be divided into small communities, industrial communities as well as agricultural, despite the fact that the farmer is the poorest man in the world to develop any kind of cooperative scheme. He needs assistance and almost always is hampered by a lack of capital. The soldier-farmers that I should like to see brought to our national land development would not be hampered in this fashion.

"For instance, here is a boy back from overseas. He reaches New York, disembarks, goes back home for a time, and then gets a chance to enter one of the great camps that will be formed looking toward the redemption of some of our hitherto wasted land. He gets wages. Out of these he pays a certain amount for his board and will still be able, I hope, to save enough in a year and a half or two years to pay a first instalment on a farm anywhere north, south, or west and have that as his very own. It will be a farm that will be prepared—not a piece of wild land, but a farm in a settlement which has its roads already built. It will be a farm already surveyed, fenced, a house and barn built, and the land cleared so that a man can move in his furniture and begin life at once. These farms will be connected by good roads with the railroad, if they are not located immediately upon it. And they will be located upon land approved of by the Department of Agriculture as best suited for the raising of certain crops. Nor is this all. The Government will be prepared to assist him upon fair and even generous terms in securing and financing his furniture, farm implements, and necessary livestock.

The North Platte project, Nebraska-Wyoming. Harvesting wheat on the Ballantine Thomas ranch near Mitchell, showing progress from original desert land

"Remember, this is not in any way to be done as charity, nor is any man to be coerced into taking up this work. It is to be real opportunity which the Government, out of appreciation for the fine service rendered by its boys, gives to them. They will pay back the money it costs, with interest, but they can pay it back over a period of forty years, and no man is to be confined in his choice to the project upon which he works. The man who drains a great farm in South Carolina may choose a farm in Arizona or in Idaho. We have spent $50,000,000 a day in fighting the Boches and surely we can afford to spend the equivalent of a few days' war outgo in setting up for life the men who helped whip them. We have planned the reconstruction of the men who come back sightless, armless, legless. They will remain in our continuing care. But the men who come back able to work will not ask or expect that they be given anything else than a fresh chance in the world. And that chance they ought to have."

There is a question which has been gathering in our minds ever since the Secretary first spoke of those ready-made farms to which he would bring the soldiers. To us, it is a sort of fundamental—this growing tendency for folk to avoid the loneliness of the farm and to gather in communities. Yet, although as a problem it is fundamental, it is by no means without solution. The Western New York reclamation project to which we have already referred has planned not to have the

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owners of its small unit truck-farms live upon their valuable acreage but in groups upon the less valuable uplands. In groups they would gain social and community advantages; while motor-busses or, if the enterprise grows to large enough proportions, a small electric railway would take the workers to the muck fields, just as men and women in the cities travel to the factories.

This important phase of the problem the Secretary of the Interior already has anticipated and, in his own clear-planning mind, solved. He reaches for his scratch pad and begins making a diagram of a small town-plat upon it. Here in the centre are the group of houses: the neat and well-planned community building which is both church and school and several things more, with its motion-picture machine and its various opportunities for social gatherings of every sort; and here is the store, and the creamery or the cannery or the flour-mill.

Last June, when I was in Detroit, Henry Ford told me of a single one of the thousand and one ideas that he carries in that creative head of his. As a war measure in the preceding autumn, he had harvested 40,000 bushels of wheat on the front lawns of his great estate on the edge of the river. Nor was that all. Mr. Ford had come to the conclusion that sending wheat to Minneapolis to be milled was like carrying coals to Newcastle. Therefore, he had determined to set up, in his own suburban locality of Dearborn, a small but extremely modern and efficient flour mill. If this mill was a success he intended to repeat it in small communities from coast to coast, as a part of his large plans for the development and extension of his agricultural devices. There is much meat in this particular Ford idea. It dovetails admirably with the large vision of the Secretary of the Interior, and recognizes the fact that to re-establish the small, successful community in the United States—second only to the open farm as a factor in the maintenance of national strength—the small community must be well-planned, modern, and efficient, else it can hardly hope to win a lasting success

ONE thing more.

On my way north from Washington I fell in with two lieutenants who were on their way to Massachusetts for formal discharge before proceeding to their homes They had been overseas on special detail, and had to report to the War Department before receiving their releases. The armistice had been signed, peace was in the air. And each man was looking toward the future. I, myself, was filled with the Lane plan, so big, so broad, so idealistic in its vision, and yet so very practical withal. I told them something of it. At first they were not greatly impressed.

"Stump lands, battle-scarred like northern France," repeated the older of the two. "Pulling stumps off the rough land and getting down to the hard work of a farmer. A big plan, all right, but——"

"But?" I repeated

"Suppose the boys that come back don't want to pull stumps. We don't. We're going home to shove some of those fellows at the Court House and the City Hall out of the soft jobs that they have held for the two years we've been fighting for them. They may go out and pull the stumps. But *we* are going to have the say in the matter. And don't you forget that."

The Secretary of the Interior has not forgotten that, either. He is far too sympathetic and far too practical as well to overlook such a possible reaction. He says:

"We men who are in politics to-day have seen our day. The soldiers who are now returning are going to take charge of the politics of the United States. They are going to take charge of the social problems as well. They are going to insist upon industrial as well as social equality. And yet we know that this does not mean necessarily that the nation must be run by them simply because they were soldiers; not at all, in fact, unless they have the qualities that give them foresight and good sense.

"This does not alter the fact, however, that we should prepare for them, and prepare for them at once. We must realize that these returning men are comrades and that they are going to work together as they fought together. We ought to spread this feeling throughout the entire country. And the fighting men themselves ought to understand, and understand thoroughly, that we who have been left behind are also in the service of the nation, that we have been trying to do something large for it and along real lines of accomplishment."

The Secretary's voice softens:

"You know that there is a big man and a little man in each of us," he says, "and the little man has ended his day. He was the selfish, egotistic, narrow, money-making fellow. Just as soon as this country went into the war the big man came out. The big man inside each of us was challenged and he arose at once and responded. We found railroad presidents and bankers and merchants and manufacturers coming down to Washington and saying, 'We want our opportunity to help.' It was not selfish; it was noble. And that spirit, if still carried out in the perplexing days which so soon are to come to us, will make this country a new land in which these boys who come back will find that they have been cared for; that helpfulness has come to take the place of indifference, and coöperation to supplement individual initiative."

Which, I think, quite disposes of the contentions of the young lieutenants, and clears the way toward the consummation of the clearest and most definite plan of national reconstruction which yet has come to my attention.

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O you, Joan of Arc, whose spirit of freedom was inspired from Heaven

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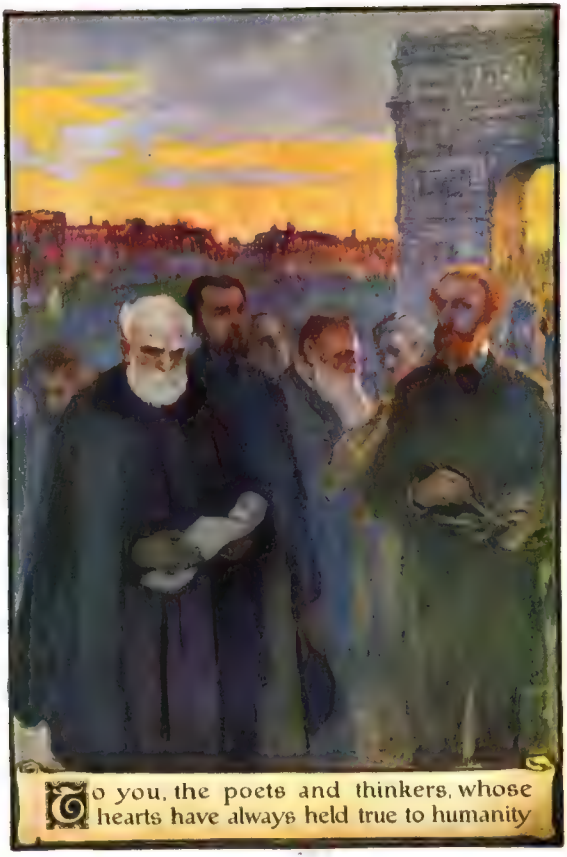

To you, the poets and thinkers, whose hearts have always held true to humanity

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To you, the mothers of France, whose courage and belief in your sons have made them invincible

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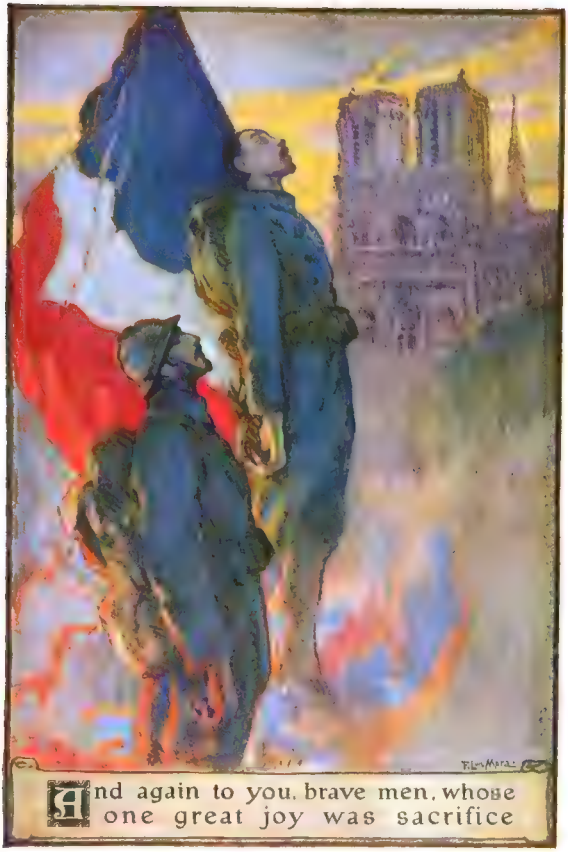

And again to you, brave men, whose one great joy was sacrifice

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A Painter's Tribute to France

THE painter of the four panels which constitute "A Tribute to France," F. Luis Mora, is a distinguished American artist whose brush has given many notable posters and paintings to the cause of war. They have expressed, most vividly and beautifully, the ideals for which we have been striving.

These ideals Mr. Mora appraised and appreciated through his temperament of foreign ancestry which has found its home in a strange land. His mother was a Frenchwoman who traced her lineage far back to the ancient Basques. His father was a Spaniard. Born in Spain, Mr. Mora came to the United States when a young boy, and in the environment of this younger nation developed into a lover of Americanism.

"Not, however," he says in explanation, "to the exclusion of other races and languages. But I do believe that America in itself is a composite of the finest qualities of other nations. And because we have in common with France one of her most splendid characteristics, we have been able to feel with her and to thrill so deeply to her example.

"All during the war my heart was with France. I realized her as never before; and when I stood in front of my easel I felt that, in some way, I had to express my reverence for her, what she meant to me—what she typified, I am sure, to all Americans. How to do it? Suddenly the whole scheme of the four panels flashed upon me and it was, as best I could crystallize it, a tribute to France.

"The tribute is to her love for freedom, her passion for an ideal, her calm glory of sacrifice. These three, which are inseparable it seems, are the spirit of France. From the love for freedom and the passion for an ideal were born the flames that, long ago, carried the soul of Joan of Arc to an immortality that has inspired the world, and have now swept the souls of millions of Frenchmen to heroic death and glorious sacrifice. The mothers of France, the wives, the children—these gave their hearts and dreams, not on the pyre nor in the flames of battle, but in the silence of simple and complete sacrifice.

"And it seems to me, too, that this spirit of France has always been truly represented by her men of arts and letters, her thinkers. I merely suggested a few of them in my picture; they are not actual portraits. There is Zola, who fought, I might say, for justice and the freedom of man, particularly in his courageous defense of Dreyfus. There is Hugo, who fought for the freedom of humanity against tyrannous social laws, especially in his 'Les Miserables.' And there are Rodin and Manet, great artists, who fought continually for freedom in art, for freedom of youth to express itself.

"That is the exalted, the real spirit of France. To her love for freedom, and the sacrifices she has always been ready to make for it, we pay our tribute."

The Return of the Wounded

By Margaret Ashmun

DEAR were they to us when they went away,
And now returning are they dearer still.
Then they departed, eager to fulfill
Their country's pledge, and not afraid to lay
Their bodies on the altar. So to-day
We meet them marked by sacrifice, and thrill
With pride, not sordid pity. Come what will,
They need not shrink from what our eyes shall say.

To us who love, there are no faces marred,
Hands impotent, or lame and halting feet,
For well we know their souls were never scarred;
Their courage marches ever straight and fleet.
Anew the windows of our hearts are starred
With their great service—glorious, complete.

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"The Day"

UNDER a blue sky and sailing over a peaceful sea, a group of German naval officers were dining on board a German dreadnaught a few years ago. Germany—the exponent of force engendered by vast military resources and training, German imperialism and domination through autocracy—was the subject of discussion. Spirits became intoxicated with the sense of great power, voices grew bold, and finally one of the officers sprang to his feet. He raised his glass and pointed toward the horizon that shut off an English fleet that rode, somewhere, quietly at anchor. "To the Day!" he cried; to "*Der Tag*" when a German navy would meet and shatter and destroy an English navy and the seal of the German spirit would be ready to impress itself upon all peoples.

Ernst Lissauer, in his poem "The Hymn Of Hate"—directed primarily against England, and published during the first months of the war—described a like scene. But long before that, not only as a toast in military and naval circles, but throughout the writings of German philosophers and statesmen, this vision of "The Day" appeared like a summons to crushing and inevitable victory. The Titan figure of Teutonic power had been reared to smite. Smite it must, or it would crumble. The fallacious theory of force had created it; force must justify it, or its existence would be imperilled.

"The Day" has come and gone. The red harvest of blood and desolation and tragic misery has not even yet been fully reaped—but that Day's setting sun witnessed a German fleet steaming into the silence of surrender without honor, German armies in retreat, and a passionate appreciation of peace that the world had never known before.

The signing of the armistice which meant defeat for German ambitions of might—the ironic night of her dream of The Day—released everywhere the spirit of exultant, prayerful celebration; a glorification of freedom, not of domination, of victory—yes!—but not of the premeditated crushing of one member of the human family by another.

Even among the soldiers in the trenches who could not immediately credit the news, who were dazed and doubtful, the first thought in the strange hush that followed upon the silencing of the years' long gun-fire was not of triumph, but that peace had once again been achieved and freedom crowned. After that, just as in the great cities and the villages of the Allied nations where bells pealed tumultuously and huge crowds gathered in a common happiness, there were wild laughter and the songs of triumph and the grateful prayers for victory, and bonfires dotted the miles of trenches with the flames of a joyous carnival.

For this was "The Day" on which the false God of Force invoked by Germany had been overturned by the true God of Strength that the free nations had summoned to their aid. As never before there were shown, then, to the peoples of the earth the glory and the richness of peace, bought at the price of such heroic but dreadful death.

What London Did on "The Day"

By Norah S. Heald

ALTHOUGH the armistice was signed on Monday, November 11th, at 5 A. M., no official announcement of this was made at that time; and London as a whole got up, read its newspapers, and poured along by bus, tube, and train to its usual daily routine of work. But at 11 A. M., when firing on the war fronts ceased, it burst out in the city, for to the moment the maroons, which for so long have barked out to Londoners that a German air raid on the city was imminent, suddenly banged away in deafening chorus. Habit is strong and many hearing it sprang up from their work saying, "An air raid? A raid?" Then, half incredulously, "No, of course, it's *peace!*"

For the moment everyone was dazed, and people in the street stood still until some sudden movement from one galvanized everyone into action. Here in my street, the spur was a car filled with young subalterns (to whom the cannonade of the maroons must have come as a reprieve from death), flashing along with its passengers laughing, shouting, waving sticks and revolvers. In the airplane works near by was a tiny munition girl who sprang on her bench, cheered as she waved her file above her head, dashed it down with the Cockney ejaculation of, "And that's *that*," and rushed out into the street, followed by all her fellow employees.

The fat complacent flower-seller at the corner cheered and waved a chrysanthemum at the boys as they swept by her, then suddenly buried her face in her blooms and rocked to and fro. "My boys! Oh, my two boys!" she was wailing as I passed her.

Flags were already beginning to flutter uncertainly from the windows, though London had not prepared so thoroughly for victory as the Germans, who sold Allied

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The great Victory Parade in front of Buckingham Palace after the signing of the armistice. The crowds stood there calling, "We . . want . . George!" until finally the King came out and spoke to them from the balcony

flags in Belgium a few days before their retirement, had prepared for defeat. Anything which could wave served as a flag—flower-sellers waved their white aprons; bright hued curtains found themselves outside the windows.

Movement was necessary and spontaneous. Nobody considered what he was doing. The staider folks found themselves on the tops of crowded taxis, blowing squeakers and holding on with an arm around the neck of a complete and, in normal times, highly undesirable stranger. I had not thought it possible that anything, even "the sudden outbreak of a violent peace," could have so destroyed the British reticence.

A brigadier sat on the roof of a taxi waving a flag tied to his cane, with an arm round the trousered legs of a "Canary" (a munition girl whose work among T.N.T. explosives had stained her skin a bright golden yellow), who stood by him wearing his cap and cheering. Privates shouted mock commands to laughing colonels; silk-stockinged R.A.F. girls danced with window cleaners. In Trafalgar Square, "crowded to capacity" as theatrical friends say, street hawkers with supplies of flags were crying huskily, "Wear yer colors, lidy, all silk." Even in their wild excitement the pretty little Cockney workgirls had not forgotten how to look picturesque, and they wore their colors bound over their heads like a nurse's veil or had a red, white, and blue fillet across their brows. Dogs ran about with decorations, a French poodle with a tricolor tied to his tail doing his best to look democratic. The great fountains in Trafalgar Square, silent since the first air raids, suddenly spouted forth, half-heartedly at first as though they too, in these sad years of war, had forgotten how to play. Small boys, who had by this time been released from school for the day, ran about in the water, kicking and splashing, heedless of the wet, cold drizzle of the typical November day. People swarmed on to the plinth of the Nelson Column and over Landseer's lions; on the head of one an American army movie man had taken up a perilous perch in order to get pictures of the sea of heads below. Boys swarmed still higher, climbing up behind the scaffolding of the giant hoardings with advertisements of War Bonds and poking their heads through holes torn in the canvas, looking from below like human full stops. All the time there was the incessant noise and movement. A gentle lady, obviously of the refined and reserved class, seized me by the arm. "Oh, where can I get one of those little trumpets?" she implored. "I must blow one."

Lanky giants of Australians seized the nearest persons and danced about with wild cooees. Human beings are strangely inexpressive, and there seemed to be no way of relieving the overcharged feelings in this greatest moment of history except by incoherent shouting and uncouth dancing. That strange folk-dance of the East End Cockney, a kind of to and fro "cellar flap" hitherto reserved for Bank Holiday outings to Hampstead Heath, burst out everywhere in the West End, and in lines and circles strangely assorted people

Go gle

advanced and retreated to its ebb and flow. Every passing vehicle had been commandeered. Taxis carried thirty people, and the driver neither grumbled about his tires nor collected money from his cheering fares; and the great Government airplant lorries were hidden by shouting crowds which hung on to their every projection, those passengers who had any foothold still continuing to dance.

A motor bus passed with its load overflowing on to the cover over the driver's head and on to the hot bonnet of the motor, all cheering, singing, waving flags and dancing. I managed to get one hand on the brass rail and one toe on the footboard, and found myself next to the little bus conductress. Amidst that laughing crowd she was weeping bitterly. "There's nine widows beside myself in my garage," she told me between her sobs. And all that queer delirious day there was this same opposition of grief and pleasure. There was laughter; but the tears were always near. The war has been too long and the losses too terrible for London to rejoice whole-heartedly as she did on Mafeking Night, and there was no one who was not thinking, yearning, "If only he. . . or he. . . could have seen this."

The hordes of girl clerks from the Government offices about Whitehall and the Strand were early in the streets. The Air Board girls at the Hotel Cecil hurled batches of official forms and documents through the windows, to fall like confetti for a giant's wedding on the crowd below. Then they rushed out into the Strand. And when more balanced moments supervened, high officials were seen scrutinizing the muddy pavement for missing and important documents.

In another department one girl, on hearing the maroons, shouted, "Hurrah, now I'll have a new hat," and, seizing the offending one, she hurled it into the fire. The other girls followed suit and soon there was a great bonfire of hats. Then hatless they all ran out, and hatless too they would have to remain for the day, as shopgirls also had seized the holiday.

The Mall, with its triple row of captured German guns, was crowded with laughing, shouting people, who climbed on the guns and beat tin cans and danced about arm in arm. It was here I first heard "Tipperary," heard it with a catch in the breath as though I had seen a ghost, for London has never sung "Tipperary" since those far-away days when the first companies of khaki-clad boys went off to Flanders singing it and laughing and cheering almost as these people were doing to-day. And now, for the first time since Mons, the song welled up.

The space in front of Buckingham Palace was never so crowded. The Guards Band was playing in the courtyard, but the strains were drowned by the shouting. "We want George! We. . . want. . *George!*" shouted the crowd in staccato barks, which had a curiously American sound. And in the midst of the yelling, a great window looking on to the balcony was opened and the crowd drew a deep breath to cheer their king. But, instead of the King, two men servants

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Another view of Victory Day in London—the people, wild with joy, packed the streets and crowded into every available vehicle

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appeared and hastily swept the balcony. Again the crowd shouted and again the window opened. The rising cheer was stifled by the sight of the two neat housemaids who, with dustpan and shovel, cleaned the balcony more thoroughly and efficiently and retreated. Next appeared two men retainers, who laid the red and gold carpets and draperies. Again the window opened. This time the crowd was certain and the cheering broke out But no, two housemaids stepped out and dusted busily. The King and Queen came when these preparations were over, cheering, laughing and waving every bit as heartily as their subjects below. The display of loyalty to the King was remarkable. The royal party drove through the streets in the afternoon amidst a surging mob of jubilant Londoners, who climbed on to the carriage and thrust flags into the royal hands, and several times during the day the King and Queen had to appear on the palace balcony.

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Just what one automobile did as its share of the great Victory Celebration in London

Once they came out to see the hastily organized parade of Americans, a jovial crowd of soldiers, sailors, and Red Cross nurses with their wounded charges, who set out from headquarters at Grosvenor Gardens. This was almost the only ordered parade. There was no organized or official rejoicing, just a spontaneous popular outburst. There were no bands but the tin-can and comb kind, no processions but the informal groups of working girls and soldiers. The medical students from Guy's paraded, some in costume, with a skull mounted, on a pole at their head, labelled "*Hoch der Kaiser!*" and the art students from the Slade School, a merry crowd of pretty girls with bobbed hair and of boys dressed in hastily improvised bright-colored costumes, all looking rather like a procession of Augustus John pictures, made almost the only note of color. In spite of the uniforms the crowd still had a sombre appearance, and the colored scarfs of the art students made me wonder whether we had forgotten how to be gay. It seems so long since we wore our glad garments that we must have forgotten how to put them on.

Americans were very popular with the crowd, and the sight of one wearing the Stars and Stripes was the sure sign of an outbreak of cheering. The American hospitals shared in the fun. The wounded boys from Tottenham were driven about the streets in much beflagged Red Cross cars and were entertained at Grosvenor Gardens by the Red Cross; while those at Dartford, farther from the city, had their own celebration. A very amusing one it was, beginning at 11 A. M. precisely with a parade of every one who could walk (and I verily believe some who couldn't) round the hospital camp, with a tin-can band to lead the way. The German prisoners at the camp below cheered the Americans as they passed and played "The Star Spangled Banner." Then they, too, had a parade.

In the afternoon a mimic battle was fought at Dartford Hospital and the battles around Cambrai and St. Quentin were rewon. Everybody took part. The nurses with wheelbarrows were the ambulance brigades, and had considerable difficulty in picking up the dead men, who invariably revived and insisted on advancing to the front line again. The men who could not walk shared in the sport. Wheeled along in their chairs, they made a terrifying advance as "the tanks."

At night the crowds in the streets persisted till long after midnight, in spite of the heavy downfall of rain and the thick mud underfoot. The theatres were packed with audiences who provided their own entertainment by singing and cheering, the artistes gathering on the stage and joining them in the choruses. Houses of entertainment were permitted to remain open later than the 10.30 which was all D.O.R.A. gave us; and after four years of darkness, London was allowed to turn up its lights in the streets, or at least as many of them as could be got ready for relighting I think that, to the street-loving Londoners, this was perhaps the most tangible evidence that the war was really over at last.

The scenes in the smart West End restaurants were indescribable. They were so crowded that the majority of visitors could get no meal at all, but stayed on to join in the merrymaking At the Savoy, chosen haunt of American officers, the guests invaded the kitchens and carried off to their tables whatever food

they could seize. Waiters were too busy and too happy to bring the bills and everyone did exactly as he pleased —danced on a table, sang, wore his partner's headdress, climbed the pillars of the dance hall, or seized an instrument and jazzed merrily with the band. My own impression of the scene was that everyone was doing all these things at one and the same time.

But all through that strange, un-English day, there was this medley of noise and movement which seemed to make clear thought impossible. Odd, disconnected incidents and individuals stand out. The tall Highland officer in the Savoy, whom I last saw dancing a sword dance over a crossed table-knife and fork, will long be a joyous memory. So will the smart little navy man, wreathed in a garland filched from the table decorations and dancing with a tall may-pole of a girl, who one-stepped unconcernedly while he performed such feats of agility around her that the Negro drummer of the jazz band rushed from his place and beat his drumsticks on the floor in ecstasy!

Many folks looking back to that wild day will find themselves wondering at the unaccountable things they remember doing. A hard-headed lieutenant-colonel, a Scotchman, has since told me how an American private came up to him in Whitehall and said "Say, stranger, I'm broke, and I wanna celebrate," So they shared his cash and then the colonel said, with the brick-red color of his face deepening a little, "Then I'm hanged if we didn't kiss one another."

But although the streets were crowded with cheering Londoners, the churches were crowded too. St. Paul's Cathedral, immense as it is, was full all day long; and if the benches of St. Martin's, the church abutting on Trafalgar Square, could speak, they would tell of men and women who rushed in with their trumpets and squeakers in their hands, dried floods of bitter tears on their crumpled flags, and then went bravely out to cheer for the sake of others.

And I think of the little flat above the Square, where a woman sat lonely by her fireside thinking about the husband and two brothers lying out in Flanders, in Mesopotamia, and in Gallipoli, while thehu llaballoo from the mob outside sounded at the windows.

"What's that?" she suddenly asked. "Why, it's Big Ben sounding midnight," and we listened together to the deep, booming, comfortable notes, silent during those now past days when they might have served to guide raiding German planes to London.

"I've been frightened of this day for three years now," she said quietly, "frightened that I wouldn't be able to bear it bravely. Now, there's another day."

"Le Jour de Gloire est Arrivé"

The title means, "The day of glory has come"—a line from the "Marseillaise" written by Rouget de Lisle at the time of the French Revolution

By Reginald T. Townsend

A LITTLE before eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11th—the great morning—the cannon of Paris boomed loud, announcing to the waiting nation that her lifelong enemy had capitulated. The church bells all over the city commenced to peal, and the factory whistles joined the joyous refrain. And with the booming of the cannon and the tolling of the bells, forty long years of sorrowful waiting and four agonizing years of bloodshed came to an end.

"*Le jour de gloire est arrivé.*"

Instantly the streets filled with people. Out of factory, shop, and mansion they poured, a steadily increasing stream, and in a twinkling every building, from the smallest café to the grim Government offices, burst into a riot of color.

Already the city was in motion. Dozens of processions headed by the flags of the Allies formed rapidly everywhere—all intent upon a pilgrimage to the statue of the city of Strassburg—the symbol of the martyrdom of France's lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. There she sat with the statues of her sister cities, gazing imperturbably over the heads of the crowds as she has for years and years; and at her right sat Lille, newly delivered from the hands of the oppressor and buried under a mass of garlands and banners, and about her feet lay captured cannon, tanks, and airplanes—trophies of hard won victories.

As the head of the first procession reached the statue, a poilu detached himself from the group and amid wild acclamations placed a golden wreath of laurel on her brow. Meanwhile other processions were making their way to spots sacred in the history of France. Around the statue of Joan of Arc (Joan of the A.R.C. they call her now, from the fact that her statue stands outside the headquarters of the American Red Cross), some hundreds of seemingly demented men and women danced wildly about while a British Tommy (strange inconsistency!) fastened a Union Jack to the Maid's arm. At the statue of Gambetta, hero of the Siege of Paris in 1870, similar scenes were

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Crowds gathered in front of the statue of Strassburg in the Place de la Concorde on Victory Day. For nearly fifty years Paris has kept this statue draped in black because of the loss of Strassburg to Germany. Now it is decorated with flowers and flags

being enacted, and crowds were besieging the Chamber of Deputies, the President's Palace, and the Allied Embassies.

What did it matter that there was no music? What did anything matter? Anyway you could not have heard the music for the singing and the cheering. What more inspiring music could you possibly ask for than the sound of a hundred lusty throats roaring out the Marseillaise.

"*Le jour de glorre est arrivé.*"

How they sang it, and "Rule Britannia" and the "Star Spangled Banner!" A group of Yanks passed singing "Tipperary."

"What is that they are singing?" asked a Frenchman standing beside me, of his neighbor.

"Don't you know," came the scornful reply of one who always makes a point of keeping up with world affairs. "Why, that is the American national anthem."

Upon the Grand Boulevards, traffic was virtually suspended. Occasional taxicabs or army camions, black under their load of swarming humanity, snailed along; and the pop of overloaded tires giving way was the signal for a burst of cheers, in which even the taxi-driver himself was forced to take part. Midinettes, munition workers in bloomers, old men and women who had seen the Prussians victorious in 1870, with tears streaming down their cheeks, danced wildly about. Here a dignified French major was dragging along a German machine gun on which was perched his wife—no longer young—as calmly and sedately as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to be doing. Here a group of American soldiers executed a college snake dance to cries of "*Vive l'Amérique!*" and "*Vive la France!*" Then long files of school children, under the watchful eye of a white-capped sister or a black-frocked priest, shrieked exultingly at every passing soldier.

Every now and then a group of some half dozen girls would break loose from the throng and surround an American soldier. They would dance wildly around with loud cries and then, in a concentrated rush, each damsel would proceed to implant a resounding kiss upon his cheek—much to the soldier's embarrassment. And it wasn't only the girls. Frenchmen, overcome by their feelings and according to the custom of the country, would embrace startled and protesting Yanks. "Gee," said one doughboy rubbing his cheek after such an assault. "I don't mind girls kissing me, but when a guy comes along with a bunch of alfalfa like Charley Hughes an' tries ter smack yer—good night!"

One procession that was cheered to the echo consisted entirely of soldiers who had been maimed in the war. And none were gayer than they. The bugler, in an invalid's chair, blew merrily upon a bugle, and the entire crew hobbled and bobbed along as merrily

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In the great squares of Paris humanity of every age, race, and type, gathered in thousands to celebrate the signing of the armistice. A joyous and triumphant song would end; then shouts and laughter, until suddenly the vast group expressed its gratefulness in a deep-felt prayer. This is just a handful of the mightiest, happiest crowds the squares of Paris ever held

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The almost forgotten song of "Tipperary" was revived in Paris on Victory Day and sung by thousands along the boulevards

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as could be. They were followed by a crowd of yelling Anzacs bearing on their shoulders in triumph a guardian of the law, expostulating feebly. Of what use to protest, friend?

"*Le jour de gloire est arrivé.*"

As night fell the excitement grew more furious. The town council issued a proclamation calling upon everyone to light up their houses, and for the first time in four years the old familiar electric signs blinked along the boulevards. The blue street lamps were removed and Paris once more came into its own.

At an early hour the restaurants began to fill and woe betide any one who had not reserved a table! His was a supperless eve—not that that made any difference whatsoever. In the cafés life was at its merriest. New Year's eve in New York was as Ash Wednesday compared to this. The official closing hour was nine-thirty, but it is the simplest thing in the world to stop a clock at eight for the evening. By nine o'clock champagne was at a premium. One man near us paid a hundred francs for a bottle of ordinary vintage.

What if later on the people in the cafés did take to the table-tops and from this point of vantage sing and dance and harangue the multitude? Who had a better right? If you had had a terrible nightmare haunting you all your life the way France has had, you would have exulted too. Never were so many speeches made and so few listened to. The crowd had other things to do; it could make its own speeches and did, too, whenever the spirit moved.

The man of the hour was Clemenceau, the French Premier. Never did a nation more clearly recognize its deliverer. "Clem-en-ceau!" "Clem-en-ceau!" The crowd chanted in unison and interspersed it with "*On-les-a! On-les-a!*" Marshal Foch ran the "Tiger of France" a close second and Wilson—"*Vive Wilson!*"—came third.

At nine o'clock one of the opera singers sang patriotic songs from the balcony of the Opera House. The great square in front of it and the streets leading up to it were packed with people. It was one of the largest crowds that had ever been gathered together. To reach the steps of the Opera House required strategy. We solved it by worming our way forward as far as possible and, when we were blocked, joining hands and dancing wildly in a ring. Invariably the crowd gave way a little and we finally achieved our goal.

And when we looked out over the crowd we saw a sea of upturned faces from which the cares and sorrows of four years had dropped as if by magic. The last I saw of the throng that night as we wended our weary way homeward was a group of middle-aged, highly respectable men and women dancing wildly in a ring around an effigy of the Kaiser, singing to the old air of "Malbrouck" a doggerel, the refrain of which was "*Les Hollandais l'ont pris.*" ("The Dutch have got him.")

Truly "*Le jour de gloire est arrivé.*"

How Rome Received the News of Peace

By Kate E. Horton

TRIESTE is taken!" It was early Sunday morning, November 3rd, that the whisper started and swept through Rome. A week before, the Italian offensive, long awaited, had begun on the anniversary of the defeat at Caporetta. Following the first few days of doubt came rumors of a resistance, unexpectedly strong, overcome with heavy losses. Then the crossing of the Piave; an advance, kilometer by kilometer, then tens of kilometers. Days when the air was electric, charged with the tense current of a mighty force, moving slowly, gaining impetus from what was to follow. A feeling of victory was in the air—subtle, unexplainable. Troop trains were on their way frontward, filled with singing soldiers. Then gains and rumors of gains; and the troops advancing on Udine. A naval event of significance, to be or about to be in the Adriatic. Then Sunday, November 3rd!

"Trieste is taken!" Knots of men and women gathered in the streets. Old friends hastened to meet. Telephones rang and buzzed. "Trieste is taken!" As the day advanced the whisper, confirmed by Those Who Knew, became a shout—of victory.

At night a late edition of the papers announced the fact, and with it also the taking of Trent. "Trieste and Trento!" The cry became a chant—a toast in cafés and restaurants, in private dining-rooms. Italy's dream of generations had been realized. Old men thanked God that they had lived to see the day. Middle-aged people, who had heard from childhood of the bondage of Trieste and Trent, wept hysterical tears of joy.

Far into the night private and public celebrations lasted. Monday morning found the city ablaze with flags, Italian and Allied, with here and there a red banner of Trieste, with its white fleur-de-lis, and the blue and gold flag of Trent. Crowds filled the streets, blocking passage. Parades were formed spontaneously and, singing and cheering, marched through the city. The signing of the armistice with Austria came as an event expected, but its confirmation gave an added touch of reality and the enthusiasm waxed higher. A national holiday was automatically in order. Later in the afternoon the Mayor of Rome, Prince Colonna, addressed the people from the balcony of the Capitol. The wide Piazza Campioglio was

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tightly packed, a sea of faces turned towards the stately *municipio* and the group of speakers on the balcony. The address of Prince Colonna, short and impassioned, found an answer in the cheers and agitation of the assembled thousands. Forming a half-circle in the crowd stood a line of camions filled with *mutilati*, Italy's crippled heroes, in their gray-green uniforms. At the close of the address, from the dark tower of the Capitol overhead, there pealed forth the bell that rings only for the victories of Italy, while the banner bearers waved their stately, rich-hued flags in unison.

"Viva l'Italia! Viva Trieste! Viva l'America, l'Inghilterra, la Francia!" Through the crowd pushed a group of soldiers, *mutilati*. On the coat of each was pinned a small paper American flag. Shyly they saluted a knot of English-speaking women in the uniform of the American Red Cross, then pushed on laughing and joking, hobbling and limping, through the crowd that parted for them.

Other speakers followed Prince Colonna. After each came the cheers and the sudden hush, almost of prayer, as the bells rang their chimes of victory, and the flags from the balcony waved majestically in measured rhythm.

From the *municipio* the camions of *mutilati* and the crowd moved in a gigantic body to the varied Allied embassies, American, English, and French. Night came and, for the first time since the beginning of the war, Rome was illuminated. The Corso Umberto blazed white with electric lights and the soft glare of gas torches. Here and there a shining *"Stella d'Italia"* glowed from the tip of Italian flags thrust out over the street below. Sounds of cheering came from different parts of the city and various piazzas, where open-air impromptu speeches were in order. Balanced on the top of a camion in the Piazza Venezia an English officer, unmindful of traditional British dignity, waved his stick aloft and addressed the throng that pressed cheering about the wheels of his improvised platform. Silhouetted against the lights of the square he led the cheering, lowering now and again his stick to regain a precarious footing. *"Viva l'Inghilterra!"* shouted the crowd. *"Viva l'Italia!"*

Further along, where the Via Tritone crosses Via Macelli, tramcars coming from four directions halted in their course, passengers, motor men, and women crowding to the windows. Back and forth across the car tracks, couples of Italian and American soldiers were dancing to the husky notes of a two-piece street orchestra that had been pressed into service.

"Viva l'Italia! Viva l'America!", called delayed passengers, the appreciative crowd, and the dancing soldiers. *"Viva! Viva! Viva—l'Italia! l'America!"*

Down an intersecting street came a parade headed by a line of caped and cock-hatted *carabinieri*. One bore a huge American flag and on its top rested the plumed hat of a *Bersagliere*.

A week of parades, of crowds, of celebrations. Women munition workers paraded with huge posters of the Kaiser, struck by four bolts of lightning—France, England, Italy, and America. A second procession bore the head of *"Guglielmo"* on a sword, and marched to the funeral beat of a tolling bell. Small boys bent under the weight of huge flasks containing crouching effigies of the German monarch. For *"fiasco"* is the Italian word for flask.

November 11th came as a double celebration—the

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American nurses on the Rue Royal, Paris, joining in the great celebration of November 11th

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"THE DAY"—OUR DAY

Sunset on the day of the surrender of the German fleet. Admiral Beatty's famous order for that day read, "The German flag will be lowered at sunset and will not be hoisted again without permission"

signing of the armistice and the King's birthday. Again all Rome turned out. The week just past - the feeling that the war was practically finished and that peace lay ahead—had had its effect upon the spirits of the people. Every face bore a smile. In the crowds could be felt a champagny atmosphere of light-heartedness, the sense of a weight lifted, of hope in the future. There are some who say that Italian crowds are not demonstrative, which is a curious fact considering the strongly emotional side of the Italian nature. But no one could have been present at any one of the recent celebrations in Rome and not have felt the strong under-current of joy and happiness that pervaded every gathering. Hands that shook, eyes that glistened, told their story.

The home-coming of the King a few days later, gave the people an opportunity to show the pride and affection they bear their sovereign. The years of war had turned quite gray the hair of Victor Emmanuel II. Many thought of the time a year ago when things looked blackest for Italy; and the man whose triumphal home-coming they now witnessed had been an object of pity. The King himself was at times overcome by emotion as he leaned from his carriage, blocked by the eager throngs, to grasp the hands of his people. At the Quirinal the Queen and royal family were in waiting. Under a shower of flowers and shouts of *"Viva!"* from the crowd, Italy's "first soldiers" entered the open doors of the royal palace.

The following day saw the home-coming of Diaz, at the present time Italy's hero of the hour. "Give me one year in which to avenge Caporetta," Diaz is quoted to have said. The year was up; but how gloriously the Italian disaster of twelve months ago was to be retrieved surely Diaz never could have dreamed.

Enthusiastic crowds lined the streets and blocked the passage of the General's car on its way from the station to his home beyond the Piazza del Popolo. Part of the way he walked step by step through the cheering throngs that pressed close to pay him homage and to deliver by word of mouth their appreciation of his management of Italy's army. Beyond the city gates, at the Piazzo del Popolo, a second crowd surrounded the General's house, patiently awaiting his arrival, news of his slow approach being brought from time to time by small boys breathless with excitement and hard running. On an upper balcony his wife and family shared the unrest of the crowd. At length a telepathic signal stirred the throng. Heads were craned. Late-comers sped breathlessly from squares and cross streets. A motor car whisked across the Piazza and, slowing down, lost itself in the crowd. A man with a grave, strong face and whitened hair leaned forward and out, his hand raised. He was dressed in the uniform of Italy's soldiers.

"Viva Diaz!" shrieked the crowd.

Hats came off. Handkerchiefs waved. From upper windows fell the welcoming shower of flowers.

An old man with toil-worn hand clutched his rough cap and lifted it skyward. *"Viva!"* he croaked hoarsely, the tears coursing down his wrinkled cheeks.

"Viva!" shrilled a small boy, clinging to a window ledge of the Diaz home to which he had climbed, eyeing in awe and admiration the soldierly figure of his hero.

"Viva l'Italia!" responded Diaz, simply. *"Viva l'Italia!"* echoed the crowd, proudly, exultantly.

And to have heard them—the old men, the children, the wives and mothers of soldiers—was to realize just how much the ending of the war has meant to Italy and to the Italian people.

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"Gersten, Home Service Case 15183"

By George Madden Martin

Illustrated by J. HENRY

"Victor handed the yellow paper to me. 'Mr. Gersten is asking me to say to you that he *has heard from his son'"*

I SPEAK of Mr. Louis Gersten as Home Service Case 15183, but I think of him as a little round man with a sprightly curling beard flowing nobly over an old black coat, a derby hat hung on the head of his cane, bright black eyes full of appeal and woe, and huge, sunken pouches beneath those eyes.

On the day before he reappeared at my desk in the Red Cross Home Service Office, New York City had gone pardonably mad with the news of peace. As the Home Service doors opened that morning the daily line of waiting humanity streamed in, Mr. Gersten among them—bare-headed women with babies, little

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boys leading an old man or an old woman, little girls with notes from home, young girls, middle-aged men and middle-aged women, all races, colors, and creeds, each representing a soldier in khaki.

Though Mr. Louis Gersten was entered some two months since as Case 15183, he and I never had exchanged a word so far as comprehension went, he having no English and I no Yiddish. Nevertheless, I found myself addressing him as promptly as though he could follow what I said.

"You are early to-day, Mr. Gersten; the interpreter, Mr. Bergman, does not get here until ten. I will have to ask you to take one of the chairs there against the wall till he arrives. I am sorry you make so many trips for yourself, knowing this thing of reaching soldiers in France is subject to many chances and delays. We told you that you would be notified immediately we heard from your son."

Mr. Gersten looked from the one to the other of us at our desks, a gaze we could not but realize was full of hope in the necromancy of our powers. Then, because the little man had been to see us often enough to grasp some small appreciation of the routine of affairs, he turned and trotted to a chair against the wall.

Was little Mr. Gersten right in his impatience? All reasonable delays allowed for, should we have heard by now from his son? I sent for File 15183 and ran through the case.

Name of man in service, Max Gersten; Family status, single; Color, white; Age 25; Home Address, 203 Eastside Street, inner tenement, third floor; Date of Drafting into Service, December, 1917; Date of Leaving Family, January, 1918; Regiment, Company D, —th Infantry, A.E.F.; Citizenship, naturalized; Native Country, Galicia; Religion, Jewish.

Persons in Family of Private Gersten: Sarah Gersten, mother, age 73; Occupation, caretaker; Native Country, Galicia; Religion, Jewish; Physical Condition, weak and broken. Louis Gersten, father, age 74; Occupation, caretaker; Native Country, Galicia; Religion, Jewish; Physical Condition, old and disabled.

There followed next in the file a letter:

"The Red Cross Home Section,
New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

Will you please investigate the case of Mr. Louis Gersten who presents this letter? Up to the present time Mr. Gersten has been working as a caretaker at a synagogue, assisted by his wife. Now his health does not permit him to continue at this work, and his friends and neighbors are anxious he should secure an allowance and allotment from his son in the service. Will you please investigate this case?

Rspfly,
Solomon Heyman, speaking for the friends and neighbors and the congregation of Mr. Louis Gersten's synagogue on Eastside Street."

I ran through the comments on Case 15183 which followed, signed by M. Rowan, a Home Service visitor:

"September 15, 1918:

Called to-day on Sarah and Louis Gersten. Found an old couple in two rooms, third floor. They speak only Yiddish and understand no German. Secured the services, as interpreter, of Mr. Simon Solinsky, proprietor of a second-hand furniture shop on the ground floor of the same building. Mr. and Mrs. Gersten have been in this country seven years, following separation from and loss supposedly by death of two other sons in religious agitations in Galicia. Mr. and Mrs. Gersten say neither they nor their son Max, who had very little more English than they, were aware at the time of the son's drafting of any provision made by the Government for the families of soldiers. Both parents were working in their synagogue at the time the son left, and had not asked for nor needed help from their son. Have since become feeble and unable to keep their positions at the synagogue. Mr. and Mrs. Gersten now wish the Red Cross to write to their son to have him allot them $15 a month, and to ask for a separate allotment for each of them. Securing this they will need no further help.

"Ascertained that the son Max, previous to the draft, was a presser at the Fit-Well Clothing Company.

"September 16th. Private Max Gersten was written to to-day with full directions as to how to proceed should he desire to make an allotment and ask for a separation allowance for his parents. Also called again on Sarah and Louis Gersten. Told them of the letter to their son and left them a weekly allowance of $4, a loan from the Red Cross to be repaid when their allotment begins. Saw Mr. Solomon Heyman, their landlord, who declined to take the rent proffered him, insisting he will wait until their allotment begins. Explained to Mr. and Mrs. Gersten that it would be from four to eight weeks before a reply could be hoped for from their son. Filed a receipt bearing the signature of Mr. Louis Gersten for his allowance of $4.

"September 24. Mr. Louis Gersten called to inquire if the Home Service had heard from his son. Explained the matter fully to him again.

"October 4th. Call from Mr. Louis Gersten. Wistful and non-complaining, but sure that we must have heard from his son. Tried to make the situation clear.

"October 16th. Call from Mr. Louis Gersten.

"October 30th. Call from Mr. Louis Gersten."

I closed File 15183, and looked up. Volunteer Victor Bergman, eighteen years old, our Yiddish interpreter, had come in and was stopping to speak to Mr. Gersten, sitting patiently in his chair, hat on cane, with his childlike eyes full of appeal and woe. I addressed him.

"Victor, tell Mr. Gersten for me, please, that we have not heard yet from his son Max."

Mr. Gersten had risen, a little round man, and, having placed his hat and cane on the chair, was producing a bit of folded paper from within the buttoned recesses of his black coat. As he handed the paper to Victor, who unfolded and read it, Mr. Gersten spoke with sudden volubility and vehemence.

Victor handed the yellow paper to me. "Mr. Gersten is asking me to say to you that *he* has heard from his son."

I took the altogether too familiar telegraph form from

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Victor and read the altogether too familiar formula thereon:

"The Government deeply regrets to inform you that Private Max Gersten is officially reported as killed in action, October 24."

Mr. Gersten's eyes, with their patient waiting and appeal, were fixed on me. Big tears suddenly welled up, trembled in those bright little eyes but did not spill over. Such old and yet such childlike grief, such expectation in our power to help, as he looked from the one of us to the other, from Victor to me!

He was speaking and Victor again interpreting. "Mr. Gersten says the telegram came last evening and his friend, the shop-keeper on the first floor, read it to him. Mr. Gersten says he slept with the bit of paper tight folded and hidden in his hand from his wife all night. Not, he says, that he could not tell her their son Max was dead. Children, Mr. Gersten says, are jewels entrusted by Jehovah to be guarded and safely kept until Jehovah, their owner, calls for them again. Mr. Gersten says that he and his wife were prepared to return their last jewel did Jehovah require it. But Mr. Gersten says he could not tell his wife that God, also, had forsaken them and left them penniless in their age."

"What are we to do, Victor? What are we to say?"

Victor, good steady-headed boy, was interpreting. "Mr. Gersten says he did not come for any money help to-day; he came for some one who will go with him and tell his wife. Her neighbors and her friends of the congregation feel they cannot do it for him, and he cannot do it for himself."

I thought rapidly. The visitor hitherto in charge of this case, who signed herself M. Rowan, was ill, the influenza having incapacitated her. I could not send a stranger to the Gerstens at this time.

"Tell Mr. Gersten, Victor, that I will come myself, not this forenoon, but between four and five o'clock this afternoon. What is it that Mr. Gersten is saying to you now?"

Victor told me. "I don't think that I altogether understand. Mr. Gersten says that his wife will no longer have bread to give to her white children. That it will pierce to her heart to forsake her white children That the white mother attached herself to Mrs. Gersten's son Max long before he went away as a soldier, and for this reason Mrs. Gersten loves the little white mother."

"Nor do I know what Mr. Gersten means, Victor. I will go this afternoon and look into the situation."

I DID more, for I could not reconcile myself to the idea that we of the Red Cross Home Service in handling the case of the Gerstens, even through no fault of our own, had failed. I could not accept the thought of these two old people, bits of flotsam through a mere miscarriage of days, adrift on the dark waters of poverty and desolation. The instinct fostered in a Red Cross Home Service worker is constructive. It is the Home Service obligation to bring together home people and the provision arranged for them and their protection by the Government who called their kindred to the country's service.

It lacked a few minutes to half past ten o'clock. I dictated a telegram to the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, and followed this with a second telegram to a head in that office, by good fortune known to me personally. Assuming that our Home Service letter reached Max Gersten in France, and assuming that his possible answer to us had miscarried or was delayed, his allotment paper in any case would have gone to Washington.

AT three thirty that afternoon, I had a telegram in answer from my friend in the War Risk Insurance Bureau. At four thirty, Mr. Simon Solinsky, the shopkeeper friend of Mr. Louis Gersten, in the capacity of interpreter, was accompanying me as well as conducting me back through his shop and across a dingy court on the way to Mr. and Mrs. Gersten.

At the ground floor door of the rear tenement a white cat with a yellow tail rubbed against my skirts, a handsome, friendly, matronly lady.

On the first landing of the stairs the white cat with the yellow tail greeted me. Or could it be? When had she passed me?

On the second floor from along a dark hallway the white cat came greeting me, while on the third floor outside the Gersten door the white cat met me waving her yellow tail.

Mr. Gersten opened the door to our knock, the sprightly curling beard flowing nobly over the old coat, and his eyes, over and above their appeal and woe, filled with the solicitude of a host for his guests.

A room with one window and a fire-place opened into a room with no window. Two rooms, a palatial setting for Mr. and Mrs. Gersten. Nor will I try to tell what these two rooms held—perhaps I could not—other than little Mrs. Gersten herself, eleven brass candlesticks by count, a broken samovar sitting on the hearth, five suits of men's clothes hanging from nails and pegs, dishes, glassware, old papers, and Mr. Gersten himself wearing a skull-cap within doors. I saw the familiar derby hanging on one arm of the gas fixture which depended from the ceiling, on the principle, possibly, that when the owner wanted his hat he wanted it and thus knew where to find it.

Wee Mrs. Gersten, wrapped in shawls, looked at us brightly from a nest of quilts in a big arm-chair, a bit of a fragile little woman with labored breath. Mrs. Gersten had white skin and pink cheeks, what one could see of her, and blue eyes, unexpected in her race, and even more than Mr. Gersten had in her face the appealingness and the expectancy of a child.

I talked and Mr. Solinsky interpreted. "Say to Mr. Gersten that I shall ask him to tell Mrs. Gersten the news that came to him in his telegram last night; I will ask him to tell her in just a moment while I sit here in the chair beside her and take her hand. But first, Mr. Solinsky, say to Mr. Gersten that I have news for him. Say to him that I have with me here another telegram, also for him, from Washington, sent in my care, a telegram officially notifying Mr. Louis Gersten that his son Max, on October 14, ten days before his death, made application for allotment and compensation for his parents, also taking out for their protection $10,000 of insurance. Tell Mr. Gersten that as this means the Government will pay to him and Mrs. Ger-

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"Mr. Gersten's hands, placed together, were stretched forward as if in some form of ritual for his God"

sten $57.50 a month for twenty years, he will see that God has not forsaken him and his wife in their age."

As this was repeated by Mr. Solinsky to Mr. Gersten, the bright black eyes and the nobly flowing beard lifted to Heaven. Then Mr. Gersten's head, in its skull-cap, fell forward on his breast and his hands, placed together, were stretched forward as if in some form of ritual for his God. The while he spoke rapidly.

Mr. Solinsky interpreted. "Mr. Gersten says that God is good; twenty years is far more than too long. But a year or two now, their hearts and minds at ease, and he and Mrs. Gersten will be bedded to their rest."

In response here to some faint noise outside the sill, Mr. Solinsky stepped to and threw open the outer door. Four white cats, each with a waving yellow tail, arching and curving themselves in the hallway outside, all but eloquently talked across the sill.

Mr. Solinsky now interpreted for Mrs. Gersten. "Mrs. Gersten says her son Max loved the white mother and named her Rebekka. Rebekka, she says, had no

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daughters then. Mrs. Gersten says she keeps a pan of broken food on the landing for Rebekka and her daughters, because her son Max would so wish her to do."

There were two more entries in File 15183, after which the case of Gersten was considered closed. These entries are as follows:

"November 22nd. Mr. Louis Gersten came to the Legal Bureau of the Home Service to-day with a letter informing him that the Legal Committee, Bureau of Insurance and Compensation, Washington, will take charge of the insurance and compensation adjustments of Mr. and Mrs. Gersten.

"Our Home Service visitor will continue to call and the Red Cross will continue to advance a weekly allowance of $4 until the claims are adjusted.

"December 2nd. The Red Cross Home Service visitor called to-day to take Mr. Louis Gersten to execute his claim papers arrived from Washington. The case of Gersten, File 15183, may be considered closed."

The Debt

By Theodosia Garrison

FOR the youth they gave and the blood they gave,
For the strength that was our stay,
For every marked or nameless grave
On the steel-torn Flanders way—
We who are whole of body and soul
We have a debt to pay.

When we have justly given back again
To the maimed body and bewildered brain,
New strength and light and will to take one's part
In the world's work at field or desk or mart,
When this old joy of living we restore,
We shall have paid a little of our score.

When we have given to earth's stricken lands
The service of our minds and hearts and hands,
When we have made the blackened orchards bright,
And brought the homeless ones to warmth and light,
When we have made these desolate forget,
We shall have paid a little of our debt.

For the youth they gave and the blood they gave
We must render back the due;
For every marked or nameless grave
We must pay with a service true;
Till the scales stand straight with even weight
And the world is a world made new.

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The dining room of a bungalow in Los Angeles. All the decorations in this house were made from old material turned in to the Red Cross shop

"Nobody Throws Things Away"

By Katherine Woods

A CALIFORNIA visitor brought with her to New York not long ago an arrestingly beautiful silk bag. It was not conspicuous—being made of black brocade with a plain shell top—but every woman who saw it carried away with her the half-envious recollection of something unusual, something exquisitely woven and fine. The nearness to envy was by no means ill-natured, it was simply recognition of the fact that, as one woman put it succinctly, "You don't see that sort of material nowadays." And the friends who saw the black bag and admired it asked quite simply, "Wherever did you get that lovely thing?"

It is a far cry from the bag the visitor carried to another little possession that came in her luggage from California—a cotton dress for a little girl. It was a pretty little dress, in black and white stripes, with collar, cuffs, and belt of bright blue. It was obviously inexpensive and quite plain; but it was made of stout material, well-cut and well-sewed and, as any experienced mother could see, it was the kind of dress that would stand countless washings and not fade. It was a sensible, practical play dress for a child.

"They both came," the owner would say, "from the Los Angeles Red Cross Shop. They are made from 'reclaimed' material—the sort of things that people used to throw away, or just let carelessly go to waste. But nobody does that in Los Angeles any more. It's interesting to see how people are losing the habit of wasting things, all over the country." And then she would tell what the bag and the dress were made of.

The bag was made of a piece of brocade that had been part of a marvellous gown of a generation ago. It had been "lying around" for many years—never actually thrown away, but never dreamed of as useful, being kept from the refuse heap for purely sentimental reasons, perhaps. It was stained and torn and moth-eaten. Its owner knew, of course, that its soft-woven silk and wool fabric had a quaint value as an "antique" —something that was no longer made, that had been the best of its kind, and that could still, in spots, be seen to be beautiful; but if she ever got it out and looked it over, it was only to thrust it back into the rag-bag as an utterly worthless old thing. The stains and holes were so big; the "good places" were so small and few; even the age-old wrinkles seemed as ineradicable as the deepest furrows of time. But when the Red Cross asked the women of Los Angeles to send anything and everything to its reclamation shop, the first of its kind

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in the country, the old dress was packed off along with the rest.

When it reached the Red Cross Shop it was first fumigated—the universal first process in reclamation and resale—and then carefully examined by a woman who knew good material when she saw it, and who, furthermore, had ideas. The pieces of material that were still good were sent to the reclamation department of the store; the stained and moth-eaten portion, no longer fit for use in its original form as cloth, was "salvaged" for rags. And—with silk for linings reclaimed from some other left-overs—the old brocade made three exquisitely beautiful bags that netted $20 apiece for the Red Cross.

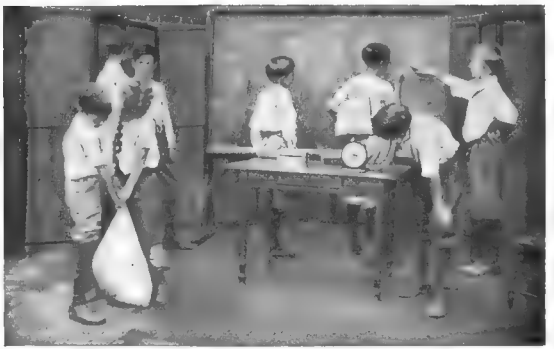
As for the child's dress, that was made from a man's shirt rescued from a pile of cast-off clothing. The pretty blue collar, cuffs, and belt came from the odds and ends of another rag-bag. It did not earn a great deal of money for the Red Cross but it saved a piece of good material, and it enabled some poor mother to buy an excellent dress for her little girl at a very low price.

But with these as tangible results of the reclamation of waste articles, there is another more subtle and more far-reaching. It is what is expressed perfectly by the owner of the brocade bag. "In Los Angeles nobody throws things away any more." For Los Angeles one may read the names, already, of hundreds of other large cities and communities throughout the country —New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Buffalo, Louisville, Ky., Canton, O., East Orange, N. J., Lawrence, Kan., Tacoma, Wash., to mention a few far-separated towns—and if the movement goes on as it seems bound to, it will be possible before long to omit all localization and simply speak for America where "nobody throws things away any more."

The Red Cross Shop in New York was opened several weeks after the armistice was signed; and it was not until after the peace delegates had sailed that the woman who had organized the Los Angeles Shop established a similar store in Chicago. When peace came suddenly into sight, one woman said of the work of her community: "We began it for the Red Cross, and we are carrying it on under Red Cross auspices. It has become a part of the life of the community and, I think, of almost every household in it. We *couldn't* give up our reclamation shop now!"

There is a woman in Los Angeles who was building a bungalow when the United States went into the war. And when the building work was finished, she decided that she would put off the decorating until peace was declared. A friend who was working in the Red Cross Shop heard that the bungalow was not to be completed and, because she knew that it was to be the owner's home and that she was immensely interested in it, was both surprised and distressed.

"It doesn't seem right to go on with it," the bungalow's owner explained. "It seems such a luxury—and we are at war."



Boys in the Wyman School, St. Louis, weighing tin foil and using their calculations as a lesson in arithmetic

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SCENES IN THE RED CROSS SHOP, NEW YORK

© Paul Thompson

The Bird Cage Tea Room; British officers being served by volunteer waitresses

© Paul Thompson

A careful customer in the toy shop undergoing, at an early age, the pain of indecision

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Photograph by Stagg

This picture represents three days' collection of newspapers made throughout the city of Los Angeles and gathered in the Red Cross Shop

The other woman did some quick thinking. Then she spoke:

"How about giving the commission to the Red Cross Shop?"

And so, and not otherwise, the decorating was done. Almost all of it was reclamation work. A few things were made of odds and ends of new materials—the left-overs of bolts of fabric, bits of lace from sample books, and the like. But the curtains, for instance, were made from old lingerie dresses. The very beautiful lampshades were decorated with exquisite little flower wreaths made from rag-bag pieces of silk and velvet. Clever boy fingers constructed wooden candlesticks and the gay wooden articles that are so popular now, out of old boxes that would otherwise have gone to the discard. From the *chaise-longue* covers to the curtains themselves, the bungalow was a charming thing that people came from miles around to see. How much it may have meant to the spread of the reclamation idea can only be guessed, of course. But it had an interesting immediate sequel when a bride-elect who had given up the thought of a large trousseau because of the war, changed her mind and placed a complete order with the Red Cross Shop!

The Los Angeles store—whose beginnings are interesting because it made the general experiment and served as model for later establishments—is a big department store now, for which 385 women are working (they are all, by the way, volunteers). It was started in the spring of 1917. The idea grew out of frequent requests received from people, who had neither time to offer nor money to spare, who wanted to give something to the Red Cross which it could sell for its own benefit. One woman offered a beautiful Paisley shawl; another, who was old and had moved into a small apartment as her children married and left her, a set of furniture; another a diamond ring. The chapter could dispose of small things—the ring brought $500—but the big ones, and the things that needed repairs, were out of the question. The fear that the merchants of the city might be antagonized by the shop proved without foundation.

Notices were sent out, asking people to contribute old things; the city was districted; collection centres were established, a system of motor delivery set up; and committees were formed to take charge of the different departments. Soon after the Red Cross Shop was opened, but not before it had proved its success, it was presented with a whole estate in Los Angeles—house, yard, barn—and to it the new department store moved. In the house were placed the workrooms and classrooms and the departments of ladies' clothing and millinery; the barn was made over to be the home of the men's clothing department, children's department, art needlework, books, pictures, jewelry, bargain department, general store-room, and tea-room. By the autumn of 1918 plans were well under way for the erection of additional buildings in the yard. The

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Shop had been earning from $5,000 to $25,000 a month, and in its first year it turned in almost $200,000 to the Red Cross treasury.

The details of store management, with its sections, sales-books, telephone exchange, clerks, and practical arrangements generally, follow the department store idea. Careful records are kept of every article that comes into the shop, of course, whether it be brought by its donor, called for by the store truck, or collected from one of the established "centres." After being fumigated and cleaned, the articles fall into four general classes—those that can be sold practically as they are, or with slight repairs; those that must go to the reclamation department to be made into something entirely new; odds and ends that are put into the store's enormous substitute for a rag-bag, to be turned into fancy goods, art needlework, trimmings, babies' clothes, toys, etc.; and the things that cannot be used in the store but must be turned over to the junk shop or salvage man.

The general outline of the Los Angeles store is that of the Red Cross Shop the country over. There are variations, to be sure. In Canton, Ohio, produce departments are included, and there is a great rush to purchase goods from the "baked foods" and "jams and jellies" sections. In East Orange, N. J., the silver and metal department, under Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, has been an exceedingly successful feature of the store, and a circulating library has been organized as a special feature. Bargain counters are to be found in most of the shops, too, where articles that are not quite up to the standard of the regular departments are sold at prices astonishingly low.

The cities of Ohio rival each other in their Red Cross stores, as do St. Paul and Minneapolis in Minnesota, and Seattle and Tacoma in Washington. Several have been opened lately in the neighborhood of New York City, as well as one in the city itself. In Findlay, Ohio, a town of 18,000 inhabitants, the Red Cross Shop cleared $1,003 in its first week. In Kansas, Douglas County earned $6,000 for the Red Cross in one auction sale; and in the small town of Lawrence the salvage shop nets a steady average of $150 a month for the Red Cross.

For starting salvage work—the saving of old, worn articles heretofore thrown away—a Los Angeles woman has made the following suggestions:

"I always advise every Red Cross chapter to study its own possibilities and see what articles there are in the vicinity that may be handled in their own community; and then to start with articles answering that description. We sell our tinfoils to the nearest smelter and to the one who pays the highest prices. There is a great amount of money in the salvaging of old rubber. Tires, in fairly good condition, we sell to the vulcanizer; otherwise, at so much per pound to the junk firms. We have more than one hundred salvage neighborhood stations, where the salvage precinct workers see that all salvage in the neighborhood is deposited."

As a note from Cleveland states, "You can buy almost anything you want at a Red Cross store." One may add, with equal truth—"You can find use for almost anything at a Red Cross salvage bureau. If it can't be reclaimed and sold at retail, it will earn money as junk. Nobody ever throws away things!"

A corner of the bedroom in a Los Angeles bungalow, all the decorations for which were made in the Red Cross Shop from "reclaimed" material

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First Out of Germany

By Robert S. Doman

Illustrated by J. PAUL VERREES

THE two stories that follow are interesting illustrations of the energy and courage of American soldiers. The American prisoners in Germany were fairly comfortable, because of the food and clothing that were sent through to them by the American Red Cross. But it went against the grain of our soldiers to be confined at all. Therefore, many of them escaped. Some, as in the case of Lieutenant Puryear, were indefatigable in ingenuity and endurance. He simply would not remain as a prisoner. One can't read these stories without a thrill of pride at the characteristics shown in these adventurous exhibits.

The First American Officer to Escape

SEVENTY Americans in the German prison camp at Vilhngen, Germany, made a desperate and concerted attempt to escape on the night of Sunday, October 6, 1917. Three men crossed the border; the first was Lieut. Aviator George Wright Puryear, of Memphis, Tenn.

Puryear swam across the Rhine to Swiss soil early in the morning of October 11. Two days later Harold Willis, of Boston, a former Lafayette Escadrille flier who was captured at Verdun in August, 1917, and Naval Lieut. Edouard Isaacs, of Portsmouth, Va., escaped into Switzerland.

Only a few days previously, on October 9, the first American soldier to escape from a German prison camp into Switzerland arrived at Red Cross Headquarters in Berne He was Frank Sovicki, of Shenandoah, Pa., a Polish-American who enlisted a few days after America declared war. Puryear was the first American officer to escape from Germany.

Lieut. Puryear was born September 22, 1894, at Hendersonville, Tenn. His father is D. B. Puryear of 419 Stonewall Place, Memphis, Tenn. At the time of his capture Puryear was attached to the —th Aero Squadron, Pursuit Group.

On July 26, while on patrol duty, Puryear engaged an enemy machine in combat. The fight carried him unawares over the German lines. Puryear shot down his adversary, mortally wounding the observer of the German machine. Seeing one of his adversaries was badly wounded and believing himself in Allied territory, Puryear descended, intending to remove one or both of the aviators, as prisoners, to an American hospital.

Lieutenant George Wright Puryear, the first American officer to escape from a German prison

Upon landing, and before he could burn his machine, Puryear was captured by German troops who were in hiding. The German pilot of the machine, for whom he had descended to carry to a hospital, insisted that he be shot at once for "shooting at a wounded man"—the observer of the German plane

After his capture Puryear was taken to a hospital, which was also an intelligence examining post. He was kept there for three hours. His flying suit was taken away from him as well as his Sam Browne belt and goggles. Puryear's name and squadron were learned from his belt on which the information was written. From the hospital Puryear was taken to a castle, where he was again examined by an intelligence officer.

Next day he was marched, again alone, ten kilometers behind the lines to another intelligence post where he was once more examined. On the following day he was taken to Laon with fifteen captured Americans of the —th Division and about 200 French soldiers.

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At each stop intelligence officers examined him. He was asked how many Americans there were in France. Puryear replied that the papers at that time stated that there were 1,500,000.

"The newspapers are great liars," replied the German officer.

All the intelligence officers particularly questioned him as to why America was in the war. Puryear gave a dozen reasons why America was fighting.

"Yes, yes, I know," the officers would reply, impatiently, "but what does America expect to get out of the war? What territory, what advantages, does she expect to obtain after the war is over?"

"We are not fighting for gain," replied Puryear, "we are fighting that democracies and small nations shall not be overrun by monarchies and their military machines."

After his examination at Laon, he was told that he would be given a "room and bath." However, a soldier led him to a stable in which he was forced to sleep for a week. While confined there he was given imitation bread with some barley and much straw in it, some imitation coffee, a spoonful of jam each day, and every two days a small sack of biscuits, each of which was about the size of a lump of sugar, and which were intended to last him for two days.

"Then I climbed out of the water and fell down exhausted"

On August 2, Lieut. Puryear was taken to Rastatt prison camp. On August 5 he escaped with André Conreau, a French aviator. August 6 and 7 they spent in the woods. At 5 o'clock on the morning of August 8, however, they ran plump into a German sentinel. They were taken under guard to Kehl, where they were given a good meal. Two guards accompanied them back to Rastatt, where Puryear was imprisoned five days. Later, when he was transferred to Villingen, Puryear served nine more days of the fourteen-day sentence imposed on him for trying to escape.

On August 13th Puryear was transferred to Karlsruhe, the concentration camp for all prisoners, where he stayed until August 19. He was then taken to Landshut on a closely guarded train, together with a number of Royal Flying Corps aviators. At Karlsruhe the British and American aviators were separated. The Americans were placed in a camp which had been used as a quarantine camp and where they were vaccinated against typhus, cholera, and smallpox.

Puryear was kept at Landshut from August 21 to September 14. During his stay he applied for transfer to Villingen where a number of American pilots were confined. He was removed there on September 15. After nine days in jail at Villingen Puryear was released. Six days later, on the night of Sunday, October 6, Puryear made his second and successful attempt to escape. Puryear had planned to escape with one other companion. Aviator Harold Willis, however, asked him to postpone his attempt for several days as a dozen Americans had been planning to escape for some time, and it was feared that if Puryear failed the general breakout might be nipped in the bud.

Puryear and his companion agreed and preparations were made for the escape. Ladders were made ready, windows and bars were cut out, and one American made it possible to short circuit the string of powerful electric lights which surrounded the prison camp and which burned all night to prevent escapes. The jail delivery was planned for Sunday night, and the Americans agreed to breakout at several places so as to keep the guards busy.

At 10:30 Sunday night, the guards turned out the lights in the prison camp. This was the signal for all the men to make their final preparations. At 10:45 the lights outside the prison camp were short-circuited, as arranged, by one of the Americans. From three sides of the barracks the American aviators and prisoners made their dash for liberty.

Immediately the German guards blew their whistles and cocked their guns. Surrounding the barracks was a low, barbed-wire fence and beyond that a deep ditch with barbed-wire entanglements in it. Still farther was a ten-foot fence with hooks facing inward along the top. Outside this fence were the waiting guards with rifles. Puryear, Isaacs, Willis, and their companions had to run this gauntlet, after getting through the barred windows of the barracks.

The penalty of being caught in the wire was death. Only a few days before the general breakout a Russian had been caught in the wire and instantly killed. Puryear climbed over all obstacles and put his ladder up

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Both guards came toward him. Puryear by him, so that the other would not dare to

against the fence. As he leaped over the fence the firing began. His companion had his foot on the lower round of the ladder as Puryear went over.

Once outside the barracks Puryear found himself between two guards. Both shouted at him to halt. Strictly according to orders, they shouted three times for him to stop. Puryear took refuge behind a tree. Both guards came toward him. Puryear picked out the nearest one and brushed by him, so that the other would not dare to fire for fear of killing his brother guard. The guard nearest Puryear was flustered, and Puryear was fifty feet away before he fired. The second guard fired almost at the same time.

Six shots were fired in all point blank at Puryear. The guards, however, were old men and their aim was bad. At the time they fired one guard was twenty feet away and the other fifty feet. Just as the second volley was fired at him, Puryear stumbled and fell in a ditch.

Evidently the guards thought they had winged him for they turned their attention elsewhere for the moment. Puryear crawled off to the top of a nearby slope. Here he was silhouetted against the sky and the guards again saw him. More bullets whizzed by him. Thereafter he kept low, and ran and ran until at length he fell exhausted, panting and trembling.

As had been previously arranged, Puryear waited at

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picked out the nearest one and brushed fire for fear of killing his brother guard

a certain point for his companion. When the latter did not arrive after fifteen minutes' waiting, Puryear went on alone and covered fifteen kilometers.

The young American aviator was equipped with a home-made compass for which he had given a Russian a box of crackers, a sack of coffee, a can of meat, and an army shirt. He wore a Russian overcoat and cap, as the silhouette of a Russian uniform is similar to that of the German uniform at night and in the day time Russians are not much molested.

Puryear carefully guarded his Red Cross supplies. With the contents of the food boxes sent him from Berne he was able to build himself up physically, so that he was able to live on raw potatoes, carrots, and turnips which he dug out of the fields while making his way toward the frontier.

The next night Puryear took up his long journey toward Waldshut, sixty-five kilometers away. In order to avoid making any sound with his noisy hob-nailed boots, Puryear kept to the grass along the road-side wherever possible and when obliged to walk in the road found he could get along with a minimum of noise by "planting" his heels and then finishing by carefully treading on his soles. Whenever he struck a village and there was no escape Puryear clumped boldly through, making as much noise as possible.

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The third day it rained heavily all day, and Puryear picked out a small barn and climbed through a window and thence went up to the loft. The owner of the barn and his hired hands moved farm machinery about in the stable below but did not come upstairs. That night the rain lessened and Puryear continued his journey.

In the darkness he took the wrong road, a mountain road which finally ended in a trail and then ceased altogether. For three hours he stumbled about on a mountain top in sleet and snow, tearing his hands and face on brambles and making but little progress in the brush and cutover timber. Finally he struck another road which he followed until daylight. With the dawn he again took refuge in the woods.

ALL that day he spent poring over his maps endeavoring to locate himself. By nightfall, however, he had decided upon his course. That night he struck a tributary of the Rhine and followed it to where it crossed the main road leading to Waldshut. When he struck the main road Puryear found a sign reading: "Waldshut, Thirty Kilometers." On the night of Wednesday, October 9, Puryear got within a few miles of Waldshut. In order to be sure of his directions he climbed to the top of a hill near by from which he could see tributaries entering the Rhine. Puryear also was supplied with a view of Waldshut which he carefully compared with the town below him.

Puryear planned to cross the Rhine at the point where the current strikes the north shore and then rebounds to the south bank. He figured upon being carried by the current across to the Swiss shore. For six hours he carefully watched the shore for the appearance of sentries but, not one having passed the spot he had chosen, he decided to swim across.

He crawled to the river edge, took off all his clothes except his shirt and underwear and trousers, and dipped into the icy stream. The strong current immediately swept him downstream at a terrific rate. Dangerous whirlpools and currents abound in this vicinity. After half an hour's alternate swimming and floating the icy water began to affect the young aviator.

"I thought it was about all over with me," said Puryear. "I became dizzy and fought hard to be able to distinguish the shore I had left from the Swiss side. About thirty feet from the bank my hand in swimming touched rock, but before I could pull myself up the strong current wrenched me back into deep water.

"I was fast becoming weaker and weaker. The banks were rocky and steep and I could not get a handhold anywhere. I feared that I would be lost at the last moment. Finally I grasped a projecting rock and hung on to it until I recovered a little strength. Then I climbed out of the water and fell down exhausted. For several minutes I lay there, weak and trembling with cold and fear.

"I had been carried far below Waldshut. Along the shore ran a railroad and I knocked at the first crossing-keeper's cabin. The latter, when he learned that I was an American, greeted me warmly, took off my wet clothes, chafed my trembling legs, and gave me a stiff glass of brandy. Then, as it was time for breakfast, the crossing-keeper routed his children out of bed and the two kids and myself ate hot milk and bread from the same bowl.

"Later I was taken to a military post where the Swiss officers kindly gave me dry clothing. At Zurich Swiss officers paid my hotel bills and gave me a civilian's outfit from head to foot. I cannot thank the Swiss authorities and civilians too much for all their kindness to me. At Rheinfelder the Swiss frontier officer examined me, and then telephoned to the American Embassy in Berne."

Lieut. Puryear, being the first American officer to escape from a German prison camp in which a large number of soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force were confined, was able to give the American Red Cross in Berne much valuable information about the way the men lived in Germany.

At Villingen, Puryear said, the officers were permitted to take walks, but before doing so had to sign a passbook one side of which was printed in German and the other in English. This passbook bound them, on their word of honor, not to escape and reminded them that the penalty of escaping, after giving their word, was death.

As for food conditions in the prison camps where Americans were confined, at Rastatt, Landshut, Karlsruhe, and Villingen, Lieut. Puryear declared that the Americans were actually getting fat on the contents of the Red Cross parcels. The men did not have facilities for taking much exercise and their principal concern was their food.

In addition to their Red Cross parcels which were amply sufficient for their needs, the men got the German food which, of itself, was of course not sufficient to sustain them. At Villingen the men got two meals a day. The food was best at Landshut, Puryear reports; there the men were paid two marks a day and were forced to pay 5.70 marks for their food.

At Villingen the men got twenty-five lumps of sugar weekly—that is, they did theoretically! While he was there Puryear got fourteen, eighteen, and twenty-one lumps, respectively. The two daily meals consisted of soup composed of barley and vegetable compound.

At night, with the soup, the men got either beets, tomatoes, carrots, turnips, string beans, or a few potatoes The potato crop had been a failure, Puryear reports. "I am right sure of it," he declared, "for I dug potatoes all over Baden. It was necessary to pick a whole row for a few good ones." The bread furnished the American soldiers was 20 per cent. flour. The other 80 per cent. was composed of potatoes and straw, which could be clearly seen in the bread.

LIEUT. Puryear had opportunities to observe how prisoners of other nationalities were treated. The Russians, he declares, were walking skeletons. The Siberian officers and men were held to be enemies, but their lot was a little better than that of the soldiers from Western Russia. American, British, and French officers and American and French privates, Puryear declares, were generally well treated. The British private, however, was given no consideration. Accustomed to his "bully beef," he could not eat the German "slum" and failed rapidly when he was unable to get his Red Cross packages. The Germans, Puryear said, were

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making money from American and British officers who were obliged to patronize the German canteens.

At Rastatt the men got up at 8 A. M., and had American coffee. They live almost totally on their Red Cross packages. At 4 P. M. they had tea. The coffee furnished other prisoners from the German kitchens, Puryear says, was a nauseating mixture while the tea was so weak that "one could drink gallons of it without knowing that it was tea."

The Germans at Rastatt boasted that they gave the men "four meals a day," says Lieut. Puryear, "but as a matter of fact their meals were merely four empty ceremonies. Their prisoners were given just so many calories of food, enough to keep them alive and no more. All the Americans in German prison camps thanked God and the American Red Cross for being alive."

Puryear reports that there was a shortage of clothes of all sorts in Germany. The lack of leather was most pronounced. Every scrap of leather was taken from prisoners as soon as they were captured.

There also was a shortage of brass, and before all the stations in Germany were bins where brass and metal articles of all descriptions were stored. Committees went about from house to house and from building to building wrenching off door knobs and hinges and removing brass hooks and rails wherever they found them.

German soldiers, with whom Puryear talked, declared that "*Deutschland caput. Nix food.*" Puryear saw convalescents, wounded, cripples, mere boys and old men, training near Villingen to go back to the front. While he was in Germany almost the sole subject of conversation among the soldiers was peace, and nearly every German soldier knew "Wilson's fourteen points" by heart. The soldiers also gloated over Hindenburg's downfall. "*Hindenburg caput,*" they said, winking significantly.

The First Enlisted Man to Escape

TO AN American of Polish birth goes the honor of being the first American to escape from a German prison camp. Frank Sovicki, born in Vilna, Russian Poland, July 22, 1893, and latterly of 318 East Central Street, Shenandoah, Pa., was captured on July 23, 1918, at Hill 204 near Château-Thierry. After being imprisoned at the big American prison camp at Rastatt he was "farmed out" in a village seven kilometers from the Swiss border. He escaped into Switzerland on October 9, 1918.

Sovicki was in Company C of the —th Infantry. Before the war he was a coal miner. He voluntarily enlisted on April 15, 1917, a few days after America declared war. More than a year later, on April 27, 1918, he landed in France and twelve days afterward went with his unit to Château-Thierry. At Hill 204 Sovicki, with his regiment, went in to relieve the French. The Germans were then at the height of their offensive.

According to Sovicki, Company B of the —th Infantry was wiped out by German machine guns. Sovicki, who was immediately behind Company B, relayed the signal of a lieutenant in Company B back to an officer in Company C. Then, with two survivors of Company B, he took refuge in a shell-hole. German machine guns were sweeping every inch of the ground. Grenades fell on all sides of the shell-hole.

A sergeant, who was in the shell-hole with Sovicki, lifted himself up on his hands, intending to crawl back to Company C. A German sniper shot him through the head, killing him instantly. Half an hour later Sovicki and the corporal who remained decided to leave from opposite sides of the shell-hole. The corporal scrambled out first and was instantly killed, falling back into the pit. Sovicki decided to remain in the shell-hole until dark. Once he lifted up his helmet on the end of his bayonet; an instant later half a dozen bullets rang out against it.

When it became dark he crawled out and back toward where he supposed the American lines were and in the direction whence his company had advanced. He saw a group of men. Believing them Americans he shouted: "Don't shoot, I'm American."

The group of soldiers advanced toward him. One of them lit a match to examine his uniform. At the same moment others snatched away his rifle and cut away his cartridge bandolier. Another cut the leather strap from his helmet. Another took three francs, all the money he had, from his pocket. An under-officer appropriated his razor and wrap puttees, while another got his watch and chain. A soldier started to take off his shoes but, as they were muddy and looked old, he decided he didn't want them. An officer took Sovicki's overcoat and, giving his own worn one to an under-officer, put on the American great coat.

Sovicki understands German. Some of the soldiers cursed at him and threatened to kill him on the spot. An officer ordered two soldiers to take him to the rear, however. At an intelligence post he was examined by three officers.

"How many Americans are there in France?" he was asked.

"Oi tank dere be fife million Merrikans in France," replied Sovicki, "and twenty-tree millions training in Merrika."

"*Heraus mit ihm!*" shouted the German officer.

"What does America expect to get out of this war?" another intelligence officer asked Sovicki.

"Poland," replied Sovicki. "Merrika going get Poland and gif it back to der Poles."

For two days after his capture Sovicki was held back of the German lines without food or water. On the morning of the third day, with the other American prisoners, he was given hot water for breakfast, at noon some soup and three pounds of black bread to be divided among seven men, and at night he was again given hot water.

Sovicki was then taken to Laon where he was kept

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for six weeks. There, with a hundred other Americans, he got hot water in the morning, his bit of black bread at noon, and hot water in the evening. In order to make soup out of their morning and evening hot water the prisoners snatched up bits of grass and weeds along the roadside while they were returning from work to the prison camp. Those who were seen gathering grass or weeds to put in their hot water were brutally kicked and hammered with gun butts. One man, who refused to give up the grass he had plucked, was beaten by a German soldier about his head until he fell unconscious from loss of blood and shock.

According to Sovicki, the prisoners of other nationalities at Laon were given work only after the Americans had been assigned the hardest tasks. The American prisoners were fed at Laon only after all other prisoners had eaten. The reason given for this treatment by the Germans was that when the Americans got into prison camps they would have enough to eat from the Red Cross parcels sent to the American prisoners from Berne, Switzerland.

"The Americans get more than the German prison camp guards," said one German soldier. "You'll get enough to eat when you get to the permanent camp and we'll save food on you here at Laon."

The Americans at Laon begged their guards to send them on at once to Rastatt. Many of them resigned themselves to death from starvation.

"We can't hold out much longer. A few weeks more and we'll be dead of starvation," was the general plaint according to Sovicki of the American prisoners at Laon

After six weeks of semi-starvation at Laon, Sovicki and hundreds of other French and American prisoners were shipped to Rastatt prison camp. The journey lasted three days and three nights. Fifty men were crowded into tiny boxcars. Each man had one and a half pounds of bread for the journey. They were allowed to fill their canteens only twice on the journey. The sanitary conditions aboard the cars, according to Sovicki, were revolting.

"It was like coming out of Hell into Heaven when we got to Rastatt," he declared.

There the American Red Cross Help Committee, composed of American prisoners, supplied the American prisoners with all the food they needed. The prisoners gorged themselves from the stores which the American Red Cross in Switzerland has laid by in Rastatt, as they have in every prison camp in Germany awaiting the arrival of new batches of American prisoners.

Sovicki and the other American prisoners were outfitted with clothes sent by the American Red Cross in Switzerland to Rastatt. In addition each man was given five marks by the other American prisoners through their Help Committee.

Frank Sovicki of Shenandoah, Pa. the first American private to escape from a German prison

Sovicki declares that conditions at Rastatt were fairly good, thanks to the American Red Cross supplies sent from Berne. While there he got four big Red Cross boxes. He added that all other prisoners got their boxes of food regularly.

A German officer opened all the Red Cross boxes and personally cut open every can of tinned food. Every package of food was minutely examined. The American "Cook Committee" got hot water from the German kitchen at 4 P.M. each day and at that hour they had hot coffee, while British prisoners in near by huts had hot tea. The "Cook Committee," according to Sovicki, did wonders with the American Red Cross food and, with the vegetables supplied by the German prison kitchen, the men made out famously. Sovicki said that the Americans were actually getting fat as they had little work to do at Rastatt.

When Sovicki left Rastatt he said the men were anxiously looking for the shipment of blankets which the American Red Cross in Berne had sent to the prisoners. The men were using two blankets apiece from a store of blankets taken from the Russians at Vilna, but while they were of good size they were thin.

While Sovicki said that the German officers did not take any of the American Red Cross food packages, he complained that all the cans of food were opened at

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once upon arrival so that unless the food was eaten immediately it spoiled in a few days and could not be used.

The camp at Rastatt, Sovicki said, was clean and comfortable, due to the efforts of the Americans themselves. The beds of the men were arranged in two tiers, and were provided with mattresses.

After spending fifteen days at Rastatt, Sovicki was taken to a small town about seven kilometers from the Swiss frontier, which he says was Svenson. From there he and a dozen other Americans were "farmed out" to various farmers The Americans were locked up each night in the farmers' barns and were not permitted to visit each other.

Sovicki worked with fifteen Russian prisoners with whom he was able to talk. All the prisoners slept together in the barn. The Russians told him that 15,000 German prisoners in Russia, when released by German agents in Russia, refused to return to Germany. When forced to do so, they shot many of their officers. They rebelled against going to the western front. Many were shot and the rest were put in large concentration camps on starvation diet.

Attempting to pole-vault across the creek with a tree branch, Sovicki fell into the stream and was wet to his shin

The farmer for whom Sovicki worked had four cows. Soldiers came every afternoon at milking time and took the greater part of the milk. Every week the same soldiers came with wagons and loaded up everything available on the farm, including potatoes, apples, carrots, young chickens, and the garbage pails. Nothing was overlooked. Fruit, no matter how rotten, was put aboard the wagons. The farmer was left only the barest food supplies for his own use.

One potato cost a mark in the town market. No horses at all were to be seen, women and prisoners doing all the work. There were a few cows which were kept for their milk. Food was so expensive in the towns, he learned, that old men, women, and children could get nothing. No one seemed to care whether he lived or died. In the small towns of Germany Sovicki learned that almost the entire population wore shoes with wooden soles and a paper composition top which fell off when wet.

German soldiers with whom Sovicki talked were discouraged. All declared that Germany couldn't hold out another two months. Even before Bulgaria dropped out of the war, they admitted that Bulgaria, Turkey, and Austria were done for—*caput*—and that Germany was on her last legs.

Sovicki, while being taken back from the fighting front after his capture, saw several horses attached to field guns killed by American shells. Artillerymen and other soldiers ran to the spot "like a bunch of crows. There wasn't much left of those horses in fifteen minutes," he said.

The son of the farmer to whom Sovicki was farmed out was apathetic about the war.

"We're beaten," he said. "Whenever the officers aren't looking we desert. Two months more will finish us up. The Americans are driving us back all the time. If it wasn't for the Americans we would have won a good peace. All the soldiers are dissatisfied. They want peace at once. They are all afraid they will be killed before peace comes or before they are captured."

Sovicki's most lasting impression of the small town in which he was farmed out is a curious one.

"I can hear those children crying yet," he said when he arrived at the American Red Cross Headquarters at Berne. "Everywhere I went in Germany I heard children crying. They look like consumptives, most of them. They never play, for the women lock them in the houses when they go out to work with the cows. Night and day they cried and cried and cried."

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"In order to make out some of his directions, he climbed to the top of a hill near by from which he could see tributaries entering the Rhine"

On Tuesday, October 8, at nightfall, Sovicki, upon returning from the potato fields, did not enter the barn to eat with the Russians Instead he ran off into the bushes. There he lay in the thick undergrowth until midnight. At about 1 o'clock he climbed to the top of a hill in the Black Forest not far from Schaffhausen.

From this hill he saw the guards patrolling the Swiss frontier. They were about a hundred feet apart. While they were changing guards he crawled through the brush between their posts and then carefully crawled down to the railroad tracks. He still had a small creek to cross. Attempting to pole-vault across it with a tree branch, he fell into the stream and was wet to the skin. For several miles farther he crawled carefully on hands and knees. Finally he came to the outskirts of a brightly lit village

"I watched the people go by and they seemed to be too happy to be in Germany," said Sovicki. "Finally I spoke to a man who knew a few words of English. 'You good here,' he said, 'you in *Swisse* town.'"

The Swiss clothed and fed Sovicki and paid his fare to Berne, where American Red Cross men took in tow the first escaped prisoner of the American Forces and outfitted him in a brand new American uniform, got him an American passport, feasted him until his eyes bulged and then prepared him for his long trip back across the Atlantic to see his uncle and aunt in Shenandoah, Pa.

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From Headquarters to You

Needed—A Nurse in Every Home

ONE hopeless optimist has pointed out that the Minnesota fire, in a few days, cleared hundreds of acres for agricultural use that man would not have made productive for many a year, if ever. The influenza, gathering its toll of over six million lives and creating a pitiful company, in this country alone, of thousands of orphans, must be made to yield us some blessing. And costly as the lesson is, it may mean the saving and the enriching of life in the end, if we act to correct those conditions disclosed by the epidemic.

In many localities there was found to be no nursing resources whatsoever. In isolated communities, families were allowed to die almost unattended because the fear of the disease ran so high that neighbors refused to go near the patients. At a tremendous sacrifice, one fact has been established conclusively: The women of the country are not adequately prepared, in the absence of professional care, to safeguard their homes from contagion and to nurse their families in minor illnesses.

The shortage of graduate nurses, due to their necessary release for military service, is not a temporary thing, to be remedied immediately upon the signing of the treaty of peace. It is hoped that many of these nurses will be essential for re-building the health of war-devastated European countries. Those who do return in the near future will be needed far more for community and public health service than for the care of individual cases. Hospitals are tending to minister almost entirely to cases seriously or chronically ill and to surgical needs. Since the prevention of contagious diseases, and those minor illnesses which leave the patient greatly reduced in vitality and resistance, is almost entirely a matter of home hygiene and nursing, the challenge comes to every woman in the country to join in a great crusade against the negligence and ignorance which permit such conditions to continue unchecked.

In order that they may for this new warfare be better equipped with a knowledge of personal and household hygiene, and of elementary nursing procedures, the Red Cross hopes to place before every woman in the country, during the next few years, an opportunity for instruction in home hygiene and care of the sick and in home dietetics.

Itinerant nurses, capable of instruction in rural problems and in helping establish high standards of community health, with Ford cars and portable equipment, will be sent into the rural and isolated communities where it is almost impossible to secure skilled professional nursing service. In many such localities, the women are very often, as was the case in the early pioneer days, the sole guardians of the lives of their families in time of sickness. If to their native self-reliance and initiative might be added the professional knowledge of home hygiene and care of the sick, a great advancement in community health might be accomplished.

To every woman in the country, be she rich or poor, city or country bred, this training will bring tangible results in terms of human happiness. Emergencies cannot always be met by money; and while the city woman may not so greatly need to be self-reliant, a lapse of time in giving first aid is often fatal. The sanitation of the home needs constant and intelligent supervision to provide the ounce of prevention worth so many pounds of cure; and women, with their increasing interest and power in state and city affairs, need above everything the training that will enable them to take an aggressively intelligent stand in regard to constructive work and legislation for the public health.

The Broken of Body and Blithe of Spirit

MAKE way for the Ford," called a cheery voice with a real ring in it, and a shiny-eyed boy, with a genuine grin—it was no company smile he wore—came bowling along in his rolling chair, one leg stuck stiffly out in front of him and one foot gone for good. It was in Greenhut's old department store at Eighteenth Street and Sixth Ave., New York, officially known as Debarkation Hospital No. 3, and it was on Christmas Day. Several thousand boys made bathrobes look like "royal raiment"; even uniforms were not so much "full dress," because if you had "got your clothes" you were nearly well, and the wounded men held the centre of the stage.

Thirty men from the Walter Reed Hospital turned out for a party at the A. R. C. Woman's Club, in Washington. Empty sleeves were *en règle*, and when a dance was to be encored each man borrowed his partner's hand to complete the clap. For the sheer audacity of youth in full flower, observe you "this man's army." More than one man had a *Croix de Guerre* concealed about him. "Where are they?" asked one girl.

"In their pockets," answered her partner, "they mostly wear them there."

And when they leave the shelter of the hospital and the comradeship of other wounded men, men who have looked on the same scenes that they have seen and known the same horror and the same exaltation—when these are left behind and they go back to their own home town to pick up the broken threads and carry on the battle of every-day life with a handicap—how are we going to meet them?

Sympathy is an impertinence; these men are far above our pity and how little they want it! They want to be treated first and last like "regular fellows";

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they want to play a man's part as always; they do not want to be coddled.

We must find some more subtle way to meet them. We stay-at-homes must expand a bit to get their outlook When the smile dies out there is a world-old look in the young eyes of the men from overseas, who have been very close to death and have lived with it as with a familiar friend, day in and day out.

In the background of their minds are memories of comrades dropping by their side, devastated homes, stricken women and children, sweat and blood and tears; and we who have only "heard tell," who have not lived it, have something to do to live understandingly in the old familiar places with the men who have come back—so different from the men who went away.

It will be our shame if the blitheness of their spirits droops -they who come back to face life with a handicap but with quip and bravery as they fronted the German guns. We must hide the involuntary desire to salute that we nearly all feel when we meet wounded men, but we can salute them in our hearts, and take a vow never to forget in the days to come that we owe our peaceful ways to their sacrifice.

Forms 296 and 434 as Curtain Raisers

A PRINTED form is not really calculated to make a dramatic appeal; but sometimes it is our own blindness that obscures the tragedy and comedy they hide. Form 296 of the Red Cross Home Service may look like a cold, unfeeling lot of questions. In reality it is a messenger stripped for speed that goes out to help discover the cause of delay in the arrival of the family allotment of the soldier or sailor, and to hasten it on its way. But when the papers of 4,000,000 soldiers and sailors are to be handled, obviously the fewer chatty details one must read through to get at the meat of the matter, the quicker the wife or mother will have her need met. It does seem as though telling that the baby has arrived, or the mother is ill, or of the unpleasant methods of creditors, would hasten matters, but it doesn't. So the Home Service worker must have faith in the concise, clearcut efficiency of Form 296, and send it through to Headquarters, accurately filled—no more, no less—if his or her heart really yearns to hasten the solving of the difficulty and the arrival of the missing allotment.

Another piece of paper that is much more thrilling than it looks is Form 434, on which the Home Service Sections are asked to report the number of families who have been helped and the amounts expended in this service. Headquarters can see these results as yet with only one eye, because only a few more than half of the sections have filled in these prosaic-looking forms! Even half of the picture shows that the 2,000 reporting sections reached out the hand of brotherhood to over 210,000 families during a single month. Of these 50,000 received information only; but the others were helped in divers ways, and half a million dollars were placed between the sailors' and soldiers' home folks and their temporary financial troubles. It is as though every family in the whole state of Connecticut had come to the Red Cross for neighborly help and counsel and gotten it! And this is only one month's work

There was no checking of the need for Home Service with the coming of peace. Every month the totals increase, even though we at Headquarters can see only half of the picture. And we wonder whether those non-reporting sections are doing so much work that they can't stop to talk about it or whether they are doing so little that it doesn't seem worth while. We wonder. Send in Form 434, if you are a Home Service Section worker, and complete the picture.

The phrase, "Stack your Needles," appears numberless times in the circulars and Red Cross Bulletins apropos of the order that went out from Washington to discontinue knitting activities. The information was spread about at last that no more yarn would be issued to workers, and that the articles in process should be completed as rapidly as possible and turned into the chapters. Moved by this order and the poetic phrase used with it, Miss Theda Kenyon, whose work is known in the magazines, sent us the following verses.

Stacking the Needles

By Theda Kenyon

SEE—in a thousand citadels
Through the world, from East to West –
Slim tall bayonets upreared,
Silver lightning-shafts at rest!

You—who in your eager hands,
Held the strands of destiny,
Tireless as Penelopes,
Wove your web, across the sea—

Lay *your* gleaming weapons down,
Amber, steel and ivory;
Bind them with a laurel-wreath;
Theirs—and yours -the Victory!

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British Official Photograph

Ypres—ruined, but immortal

On the Heels of the Hun

Following the retreat of the Boche in France and Belgium

By Reginald T. Townsend

THE war was over. At least the fighting had ceased and the armistice was signed. The Boche was still in France and Belgium, but he was retreating as fast as he could. So we determined to see how he had left the towns he had so arrogantly occupied for four years, and to follow him up while the mark of the beast was yet fresh.

All the way out of Paris on the smooth white roads we kept passing regiments of poilus swinging jauntily along in their blue uniforms, each regiment with a gay little band at its head. As the men swung aside to let our car pass, they turned laughingly toward us; and the little villages flapped tricolor flags in our faces—the war was over and the world could smile. So even the rooks made merry as they cawed and wheeled above the cornfields.

But when we reached Amiens the atmosphere seemed to change suddenly. Heavy gray clouds blotted out the sun, and the earth and sky seemed to take on the sombre look of a bleak November day. On the face of the landscape great scars appeared. Deep furrows zig-zägged over the meadows, and ugly patches of rusty brown wire stretched for yards on either side of the road. Bits of torn and weather-beaten camouflage flapped dismally from the trees that lined the road. The wind grew cold and we buttoned up the collars of our overcoats. We were entering the kingdom of desolation. Mile after mile we passed through wreck and ruin, and town after town lay shattered around us, until finally we came to the capital of that grim kingdom —Arras.

Other towns have been more utterly destroyed —La Bassée a heap of stumps of trees and crumbled brick, Ypres a pile of jumbled masonry—but nothing could epitomize more thoroughly the hell of war than poor Arras. Over the once flourishing city hangs an air of melancholy. As we edged our way slowly into the ruins a feeling of awe kept us silent—we seemed to be entering a sleeping city that was only awaiting the final summons to arise to life. Houses were spilled all about us—not a single one remained intact. Here two were propped up against each other to prevent their falling down, and the cracked windows spewed a stream of plaster and brick into the streets. The beautiful Grande Place stares at you from a hundred sightless, somehow accusing eyes—they seem to be the voices of the dead crying out:

"If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep."

As we watched a fog came slowly creeping in, its long wraith-like streamers reaching out and enveloping ruin after ruin in impenetrable folds as though to hide the bleeding, naked wounds from our sight. In vain! Nothing can ever blot out the picture. Its memory haunts me still. Arras! Never shall I forget it; never must *you* forget it.

Beyond the town the fields lie tossed and tumbled about in Gargantuan heaps and pits. Dugouts, trenches, bits of railroad tracks, blasted trees—all the hideous paraphernalia that goes to make up the modern battlefield was here in all its grimness. And

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Back to the Rhine. German troops leaving the outskirts of Lille after four years of occupation

British Official Photograph

Delivered at last! Joyous groups at Lille, after four years of enslavement, welcoming the British troops

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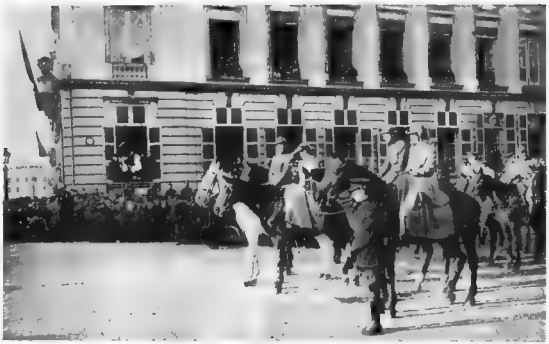

The royal Belgian family reviewing triumphant British and Belgian troops in Brussels From left to right King Albert, Queen Elizabeth, the Crown Prince, and the Princess Marie-José

One of the dramatic moments of modern history—the head of the American troops entering Brussels with the other Allies

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here and there a rude cross marked a hastily dug grave, for friend and foe sleep side by side on Arras field. Across broken roads, making detours to avoid wrecked bridges—on hastily constructed new ones that bore the legend "All traffic except tanks"—we passed the ruins of what once were Tournai and Douai.

Along the road a continuous procession was moving in the same direction. The refugees were returning. Despite the ruined homes that awaited them, it was withal a happy pilgrimage and a very different one from that which long, long ago had gone down that same road in the opposite direction. Grandma, perched high on the load of household goods, smiled happily and nodded her becapped head at us. A cold rain began to fall; night was closing down fast, but never for an instant did the procession halt. Klop, kersplosh! It went on through the mud, the tricolor of France waving gaily from every cart and wagon.

It was night, black night, when we reached Lille — Lille, the great industrial city of the north, that for four years had been under the iron hand of the enemy. How would we find it?

Fortunately, with the exception of the Mayor's office and a few buildings around the main square of the town, it was intact. The Germans wreaked their vengeance upon the people of Lille, not upon its buildings. Each day the *Kommandantur*—they caught him after the armistice in Brussels and beat him into insensibility in a café—schemed and made new plans how best to torment his helpless victims. One day it was the levying of a tax upon dogs—that caused the citizens to kill their pets rather than pay the enemy; and the next it would be the requisitioning of all linen and cloth, or stripping each house of its hardware. Scarcely a house has its doorknobs or latches, and the chandeliers long since went into the melting pot to make German munitions.

Cardinal Mercier, still serene after four years of persecution in the midst of which he kept the enemy at bay with unswerving courage and skill

At dinner that night our host, the rector of the University of Lille, who himself had been a hostage imprisoned in the citadel and whose wife had been named for deportation into Germany, told us much of the German occupation.

"Life was hard indeed," he said, "and the arrogance of the Boche was veritably insupportable. Food was scarce during the occupation. Butter was ten dollars a pound and eggs were seventy-five cents apiece. We were forced to hide everything of value we had, and one never knew at what minute a squad of soldiers would burst in upon us and begin to search for hidden things. The poor suffered terribly. The Germans never gave a thing and we formed committees for the care of the needy to save them from starvation. And all the time the Boche was endeavoring, by every possible means, to persuade us that the British were our real enemies and that they would never let go now that the army was in France. When my house—you saw the ruined wing as you entered—was wrecked by a bomb and my wife and myself were blown out of bed by the explosion, they tried to make us believe that it was a British bomb that had caused the damage. But the most frightful of all their crimes were the deportations. Scarcely a family but saw some loved member being marched off into slavery. Oh, those were heartbreaking times—and yet we never despaired. We knew right along that some day you would come. Truly the nightmare has been almost compensated by the joy of our deliverance."

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Thousands of wounded have gone through this old house—the dressing station at Pervyse just back of the Belgian trenches. It is known to every soldier in England and Belgium, for it typifies mercy and courage. The two Englishwomen who conducted it and the American woman who aided them under constant shell-fire were decorated with the Order of Leopold

That night we ate sugar and cakes that had lain hidden for four years in the ceiling of the room to escape the eye of the marauding Hun, and next morning beside my cup of chocolate was a piece of bread with the letters C.R.B. (Committee for the Relief of Belgium) stamped upon it.

Next day we paid our respects to the Mayor of Lille, who greeted us in his temporary office to which he had moved after the enemy had destroyed the Town Hall. He spoke feelingly of the great joy of his citizens at their deliverance and he told us, with a touch of parental pride, how his own son had been the first French officer to enter the city, flying over in his airplane. Reminiscing, he told us how he had been severely reprimanded by the *Kommandantur* for daring to speak to him with his hands in his pockets, but that the latter—he was twenty-five years the Mayor's junior in point of age—had most "graciously" permitted him to smoke a cigarette in his august presence!

Poor, proud Lille, your citizens proved themselves true patriots and wrote a glorious page in the history of France.

From Lille we pushed on into Belgium to Brussels, to witness the triumphal entry of King Albert into his capital. Again the miles of countryside, unwinding under our spinning wheels, told the same story of wreck and ruin—only this time, if possible, the destruction seemed more deliberate and premeditated. Rows of poplar trees that line the roads of France for many miles had been sawed off near the base of the trunk, but the enemy had not even attempted to block the Allies' advance by felling them across the road. No, they lay fallen inward as they had been cut.

Alt, Enghien, Halles—we were well into Belgium now, but we needed no sign posts to apprise us of the fact. The towns were riots of black, yellow, and red, the national colors of Belgium, and our path became a triumphal progress. Groups of people rushed from the houses and cheered us frantically, and small boys ran beside us hurling confetti and paper streamers (made from German telegraph tape) over the car. So, bedecked like a bridal party, we rode gaily into Brussels, two days after the last of the enemy had left the city.

In Brussels the Boche lived up to his reputation of Lille. Few buildings were destroyed, but every house was stripped of its linen, hardware, and valuables. The shops maintained a semblance of business but their stocks were woefully scanty, although there was plenty of food. During the last few days of German occupancy the Germans commenced rioting among themselves; officers were stripped of their insignia, their swords were broken, and many bloody affrays took place. Machine guns lined the main streets and many innocent civilian bystanders were killed. German soldiers shot the proprietor of a large hotel and strangled his wife when she would not hand over the contents of the hotel safe. As a final act they blew up trains of dynamite in the railroad stations.

One incident there is that is typical of the smallness of the German mind. As we drove up to the Palace Hotel, we noticed that every sign on the building had the last two letters of the word "Palace" omitted, so that each read "Pala." When we questioned the proprietor about this he told us that the *Kommandantur* of the city had notified him one day that, as the word

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"Palace" was English, he would have to substitute the German equivalent or alter the word. Being unwilling to use the German word he adopted the latter alternative.

To say that the inhabitants of Brussels were glad to see the Allies would be to put it mildly. Wherever any one in an Allied uniform went a crowd was sure to follow, and if he stopped for any length of time an admiring crowd would quickly gather and he would be forced to shake hands with the entire crew. But the different uniforms of the various Allies bothered the worthy burghers a lot. You see they hadn't seen anything but the gray-green of the Boche since 1914, and at that time even the French poilu was a *Piou-Piou* in scarlet trousers and blue tunic, so it was no small wonder that the uniforms confused them. When the crowd would cry at us "*Vive la France!*" we would smile politely. Seeing that that wasn't right, they would cry a little more loudly, "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" Again with no success. Finally they would compromise a third time by shouting "*Vive les Alliés!*" And then everybody was happy!

The city was astir early on the great day. And what a day! Clear, cold with a slight breeze—the wraiths of fog and mist that hung over Flanders had folded their tents and silently stolen away. The streets were soon black with crowds, every window, every roof, every lamp post, and every tree bore its burden of frantically waving humanity—and such a good natured crowd! Belgian soldiers lined the streets; and the school children had been marshalled in by ranks and they too lined the curbstones, each waving a tiny Belgian flag. And their enthusiasm knew no bounds. They sang "*La Brabanconne*," the national anthem of Belgium, and "*Le Marseillaise*." How they cheered! An old man riding along on a bicycle received such an ovation that he almost fell off his wheel. A little dog, coming along wagging his tail, came in for a burst of cheers that caused him to pause and bark appreciatively. Overhead airplanes dipped and twirled, but the noise of their motors for once was deadened by the cheers of the crowd. About an hour behind schedule time a Niagara of sound rose from the crowd. No need of asking what it meant! No need of craning one's neck to see! It meant only one thing—the King was coming.

Slowly, moving along in an automobile, came Brussels' own hero—Burgomaster Max, in plumed cocked hat, fresh from his exile in Germany; and behind him Belgium's own hero, Cardinal Mercier, in flowing red robes, as defiant as ever. And behind them, on a white charger, in Belgian olive-drab uniform and steel helmet, rode the King, saluting right and left. On his left rode the Queen—once a German princess—in fawn-colored habit, riding side-saddle, and on the King's other side rode Prince Albert of Britain. Behind the King rode the Duke of Brabant (the Crown Prince of Belgium) with the Princess Marie-José and the Count of Flanders.

The enthusiasm of the crowd broke all bounds. Women wept and men cheered themselves hoarse. Admiration for the King and Queen was rampant. "He has done his duty," was the eloquent way in which the crowd epitomized their sovereign.

Exclamations ran like wild-fire—everybody talked at once and nobody stopped to listen. "The poor Queen—how she has suffered and how thin she looks!" "How the royal children have grown; why the Princess is almost a woman now!" "What joy for them to be back." On through the heart of the city to the Hotel de Ville rode the King; and everywhere he went the nightmare of terror and horror of German rule was washed away forever by the floodtide of joy and relief.

German Staff cars abandoned by the Boches in their retreat

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What Has the War Done to Preachers?

By Bruce Barton

Illustrated by DENMAN FINK

SEVERAL hundred preachers, priests, and rabbis have seen service overseas under the various welfare agencies. Like the other men who leave their homes to go to war they divide into two classes—the better and the worse: the live, courageous, full-blooded ones eager to have their part in the great conflict; and the restless drifters whom the war found failing in their jobs, and to whom it offered a chance to cloak their failure under the mantle of patriotic duty. In assembling the material for this article I have disregarded the latter class—which, let it be said in justice to the rest, is much the smaller of the two—and have confined myself to men of first-rate importance in the ministry, the pastors of prominent churches, and other leaders in their respective denominations.

What did their months in France do to these men? Did that time teach them anything new about religion? What were their impressions when they came back from the grim realities of France to the quiet routine of their churches? And what will the influence of their experience be upon their own future and the thought and activities of the people to whom they minister?

They saw real action, these preacher-secretaries; no newspaper correspondent with whom I have talked has ever accused them of cowardice. Indeed, as a class they showed amazing courage. More than a proportionate number of the casualties among Y. M. C. A. secretaries were in the ranks of the preachers. They were men, for the most part, beyond the years of early youth; married men with families behind them, and not inclined therefore to foolhardiness. But the faith that helps them to lift the vision of their people to a better life beyond the boundaries of this seems to have stood them in good stead upon the battle-field. The record is rich with examples of their loyalty and quiet courage.

At Château-Thierry a newspaper man saw two of them driving a camionette back and forth behind the lines, following upon the heels of the advancing troops. For two days they hardly stopped for food or rest; at every moment of the way they were under destructive gun-fire, and there were no orders to hold them there. Yet tirelessly, unceasingly, they made their journeys back and forth, carrying their loads of chocolate and cigarettes, and doing their bit to cheer the Army.

In a little cave on a hill-side, also under shell-fire, the same correspondent found another preacher tending his little group of wounded. The men had fallen too fast that day for the ambulances to carry them all; and so he had picked up a dozen of them, one by one, and carried them back across the shell-holes to his little cave in the hill where he thought they would be safe. All night long, while the guns roared, he made his lonesome journeys out, bringing in new wounded and carrying water to those who cried out for it.

They tell of "Old Baptist Doc," the shepherd and idol of the Marines. Clifford is his real name, but the Marines prefer to call him "Doc;" they have learned to love him by that name. On the day when the —th Marines were going into battle, the colonel discovered him trudging along in the front ranks with the boys, laughing with the best of them; and he called the rotund old preacher to his side.

"You better be going back, Doc," he said. "It's going to be pretty hot to-day."

"Are *you* going back?" asked Doc.

"Why, of course not," retorted the colonel. "I'm going ahead with the men."

"Then what makes you think *I'd* go back?" asked Doc, and that settled the question for the time.

Later in the day, when a bullet found the colonel, it was Old Baptist Doc who crept out into No Man's Land, bearing one end of a litter while a private tugged at the other end, the latter turning back now and again to hiss at his bulky companion not to "stick up so far." They brought the colonel back to safety that day, but the exertion and the gas almost did for Old Doc. When he woke up again, it was to discover that someone had removed all his "Y" insignia and substituted the Marines' emblems in their place.

If you have any doubt whether the preacher's contact with war is real; if you wonder about the courage of the preacher-secretary and of Old Doc Clifford in particular, you have only to tell your doubts to the Marines.

They saw real war, these preachers, and they saw the hearts of men as they had never known them before. Were the men with whom they lived more religious over there than they had been in their homes back here? The answer to that question depends first of all, of course, upon one's definition of religion. If you mean, were the men over there less profane, less given to what are popularly called "bad habits," or if you regard church attendance as the measure of religious interest, the answer is that war tends rather to weaken than to strengthen the hold of the Ten Commandments, and adds nothing to the habit of church attendance.

"One found chaplains lamenting that so few men came to services," says one prominent clergyman. "Only when the colonel ordered church parade did I ever see anything like half a regiment at a service. I could see no evidence that the war had made men more religious. With all that is heroic and sacrificial which it has called forth, men who are in the game and are close to it know that war is demoralizing. Take any community, remove all its former residents, precipitate the young fellows of that community into the midst of unexperienced temptations, obliterate Sunday; then imagine, if you can, that the community will be more religious in consequence."

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War is no good breeding ground for the practice of religion, he concludes—at least, not for the sort of religion to which he had been accustomed at home. Yet he admits that the men with whom he lived were, on the whole, more thoughtful than men of similar age in civil life are likely to be. "They were perfectly willing to talk about the teachings of Jesus," he reports. "In fact, I have held Bible classes in a dugout right in the trenches; I have organized Bible classes among men just about to go into the trenches; and these men always showed tremendous appreciation of the interest taken in them. Rarely did I find a skeptic; only once, I think, did I meet with an atheist."

Another pastor of a leading church on the Pacific Coast goes farther. "I believe that the men in the American uniform in France are religious in the truest sense of the word," he says, "at least, a large majority of them. I know that there were never enough Bibles to supply the demand for them while I was in the Religious Department of the Y. M. C. A., though they were shipped by the hundreds of thousands. One day I was walking up a little hill toward a certain 'Y' hut in France, and I saw a line of men several hundred feet in length extending down the hill. It looked like the lineup for the World's Series in New York City.

"The secretary said, 'What do you think they are waiting for?'

"I answered, 'Chocolate or cigarettes.'

"'No, you will be surprised when I tell you,' he replied. 'They are lined up because I announced that we were to have a new bunch of Testaments. That crowd is going into the trenches to-morrow.'

"Not only is there an overwhelming demand for the Book over there," this pastor concludes, "but the boys carry their Bibles openly, show them about, and read them unashamed in the trenches. It is taken as a matter of course among them. Nobody ever thinks of commenting on the fact that a pal is reading a Bible."

How much of this frankness in religious discussion, this unaccustomed interest in the Bible, is permanent and how much of it belongs merely to the period when death appears most imminent, the preachers are not sure. Even while they talked with the boys the doubt was in their own minds. Did this stirring of new questions, this frank facing of eternity, have in it the promise of a new day for the churches at home? Will the men who talked of God, as if He were a great Pal fighting their common battle against the Germans over there, return to seek Him in the temples erected to His worship on this side? The preacher-secretaries spent considerable time pondering that subject; and, having returned to the quiet routine of their parishes, they profess themselves still much in doubt.

The transition from the hard realities of the trenches to the settled program of Sunday services and Wednesday evening prayer-meetings was not easy for any of them. Most of them confess that they felt as if they had stepped back into a different and a less real world; they were oppressed for a while with a certain vague sense of futility in all that they did. After the terrific outpouring of themselves over there, the demands upon them here seem too small, and the return upon their effort wholly unsatisfying.

"It was 'Old Baptist Doc' who crept out into No Man's Land bearing one end of a litter, while a private tugged at the other end"

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"So he picked up a dozen of them, one by one, and carried them back across the shell-holes to his little cave in the hill"

"I found myself very keen to get back into church work," says one, "and yet the getting back was difficult enough. From the time I went into one of the camps in the South, I had been gone just a year. Somehow I fully expected to be misunderstood; last Sunday was my first in my own pulpit, and my expectations were fully realized."

"Why, I have done more real good in the last six months," exclaims another, "than in all the preceding five years of my ministry."

And others add that, compared with the vital touch with men which the trenches gave them, the chance for service so vastly needed there and so vitally important, the round of "services," the little routine of kindly offices that make up a pastor's existence, seemed for a while singularly unimportant. To many of them in their first weeks at home the yearning often came to be away to the other side again.

Yet not one of these men, so far as I have discovered, has harbored any thought of deserting the ministry. To each of them it seems that the return of so many men who have "experienced this strange thing (religion) that has so moved them under the desolation of homesickness and the challenge of temptation, and the reek of the battle-field," will present a challenge to the best and strongest that is in them. They are eager to find a way to meet that challenge; eager that the church shall somehow be awake to it and to the opportunity that it presents.

The boys will come back with an intense impatience for creed and denominational differences. On that point every man of them is fully agreed.

"I forgot while I was in France that there was any such thing as denominational differences," says one. "One of my best friends was a Catholic priest. We worked together and forgot that we were Protestant and Catholic. . . . I came back to America with a new understanding of all religions, with less denominational and church prejudice in my soul."

Denominationalism faded fast as men made their way from the sea ports up to the front lines. "We landed in France as Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Catholics," says one, "but in the dugouts there is no denomination but service." The question is whether the process reversed itself on the backward journey—whether denominational lines became again important in the preacher's mind as he made his way toward home and, if not, whether his new breadth of thought and vision will succeed in communicating itself to his church.

On this point one of my correspondents is none too optimistic. "I confess to a terrible impatience with conditions back at home," he writes, "but much of that I had before I left. Having been born a Covenanter, educated in Methodist institutions, ordained to the Congregational ministry, and at present preaching to Presbyterians, I have long since lost my denominational interest. Overseas I found that one was almost

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ashamed to ask you what denomination you belonged to; denominational lines were not minimized, they were obliterated. One of the finest types of Christian I met did not belong to any Protestant denomination, nor was he a Catholic. He chanced to be a Jew, yet wonderfully Christlike in his dealings with men. Will this spirit of broad tolerance carry back into the churches? Will the boys find in their home churches an understanding of the tremendous spiritual experience which they have been through? I question it. I do not believe that the boys over there expect the church to do very much about it. Somehow they don't expect much from the church, anyway. I discovered, for myself, that I belonged to a class either ignored, disliked, or distrusted because I was a minister. When they find that a minister is thoroughly a man, they will take anything and everything from him; but if they find out first that he is a preacher, they are likely to discount him in advance.

"I came home with a brother clergyman, and I think that we both had the feeling that now was the time to get home. But both of us were oppressed somewhat with the inertia of the church. It has been so tied up with traditions and walked so long with the ghosts of its dead past."

"I had never known the meaning of 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden' though I had preached on it many times"

All of the preachers are keenly conscious of the same difficulty, but most of them express a hopeful confidence in their ability to meet and conquer it.

"This much I know," says one, "that from now on I shall work for church unity as never before. I shall pray for the revision of our theological seminaries. I shall, in so far as I can, labor to become what the boys over there term a 'regular fellow'; because only thus can a man know men, and only by knowing them, and loving them, can he accomplish anything for them."

The need for a new emphasis on the social ministry of the church is one of the three great convictions which these men brought back with them from the other side. It has its roots, I believe, in a deeper and truer appreciation of the innate nobility of even the ordinary man.

"In the face of war's brutalizing influences, in the face of much that is bestial, profane, and disgusting, I came back inspired as never before in my life by the revelations of idealism, sacrifice, depth of character, and possibilities of achievement in our American men in the mass. Their willingness to suffer hunger, cold, fatigue, sickness, and wounds with never a murmur of complaint gave me often a sense of being present at a sacrament. Europe is either a shambles or a shrine according to your point of view. I choose the latter."

With that revelation there was born in most of these preacher-secretaries a new humility together with a conception of service far broader and richer than any which they had owned before. "I went to France expecting to preach 'in the Camps,'" says one. "I thought of no other thing than that; I rather boasted about it. I wanted it to be known that I was called across on a 'special mission.' But the nearer I got to France the less I felt that I had any right to preach to the boys who were suffering hardships and dying for me and mine. When I reached Paris I felt so insignificant that I refused to speak. I said, 'I will speak later if you will let me go right down in the front lines and do anything, just so that it is hard physical labor.'

"'Will you drive a truck?' they asked.

"'I will gladly,' I answered. "And February and March of 1918, though they were the hardest, coldest, rainiest two months of my life, were also the happiest. I had been preaching 'service' all my life, and I had thought that I knew what it meant, but I never knew what hardship and suffering were until that great experience came to me. I never knew before what it was to lift such heavy loads that my ankles were strained all the time; nor to have my hands cut to pieces handling duck boards; nor to have my whole body ache with mental and physical weariness. I never knew the meaning of, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden,' though I have preached on it a good many times. The next time I preach from that text I shall remember 250-pound boxes of chocolate that I unloaded from box cars day after day. I shall remember the Sunday that it snowed all day and we had three cars of tent poles, flooring, and hut material to unload, including twenty-five big heavy stoves for the huts. Service will have a new meaning for me in the years to come, and the men who serve the world in hard gruelling tasks a new glory."

With this larger conception of service these men have brought back with them a new perspective on the real essentials of religion which is going to give a dif-

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ferent emphasis to their preaching. They left churches in which they had preached often on the social virtues —abstinence from drink, and from tobacco, and a strict conformity to the other articles of the code that are assumed to separate Christians from the less moral world. They went to a land where everybody smokes, where wine is the common beverage of an essentially sober people, and where a man's private life is largely his own affair. And they discovered among our own men that the list of virtues had been entirely rearranged, with strange new leaders at the top.

In a big meeting attended by five or six hundred soldiers, a secretary asked each man to write on a sheet of paper what he regarded as the three cardinal sins. The secretary expected that they might write Blasphemy and Drunkenness, and the Social Evil, with scattering votes for Theft, and Lying, etc., instead of which the list read as follows:

1. Cowardice.
2. Selfishness.
3. Big Head.

Living in another world these men had forged for themselves new standards. The tests that once had separated good men from bad in their minds no longer seemed to them fundamental. Instead of the ordinary virtues of their former lives they were striving as best they could for courage, which would let them bear their equal share in the common sacrifice; for unselfishness that would make them good neighbors to each other in the trenches; and for humility -the grace to minimize their own achievements and glory in the achievements of their fellows, and in the attainment of the great common end so much larger than any personal consideration.

One other point which is mentioned casually by one of these letters seems to me significant. The writer, a prominent pastor, speaks of the well-nigh unanimous popularity among the soldiers of the Salvation Army, and seeking for the causes of the popularity he points an interesting parallel. Here was an organization despised and rejected of men, a thing of indifference or of scorn to the average man on this side, tolerated rather than fostered by the older and larger religious bodies. Quietly, unobtrusively, with no large endowment, no press agents, and no flare of trumpets it found its way to France, with a little group of workers picked—like the Disciples—from the very ordinary walks of common life. With no special programme, no theories, no expectation of doing great things, eager only for a chance to serve, and welcoming the humblest tasks, it came, and -wonder of wonders —leaped almost immediately to the highest point in the soldiers' affections

Treading the path of lowliest, most unpretentious service, seeking nothing for itself, it reached the heart of the ordinary man in the ranks. The common soldiers heard it gladly. Surely here is History repeating itself in marvelous fashion. In this twentieth century triumph of the religion of simple service there is certainly ground for new faith in the eternal soundness of the principles of the Master, and a shining beacon pointing the pathway which the religion of the future must follow if it is to be the religion of the common man, as typified in our two million soldiers who have lived a lifetime of spiritual experience in their year or two of service over there.

The Women Speak

By Theodosia Garrison

NOT with our prayers and tears
We helped you win,—
Not with vain doubts and fears
Of death and sin,—
But with valiant work of our hands
With honest labor and true
We turned us as one to war's demands
To sharpen the sword for you.

Have we not proved our faith
Through stress and strain?
You, come newly from death,
Trust us again,—
Trust us to bring back ease and mirth
And the heart's content you knew,—
You have given us back a storm-racked earth,
We will make it fair for you.

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"And there, hidden away in a far corner of France, within sound of the guns and amidst the groans and moans of these wounded boys—I found in fullest bloom the flowers of goodness, humanity, and nobility"

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The Drive for Home

A day and night with our sickest boys

By Emily Frances Robbins

Illustrated by W. T. BENDA

THE guns roared in the distance. Airplanes buzzed overhead. French railroad engines screeched their hot, shrill signals in the valley below where they had gone to load their cars with our wounded, as they washed down from the big evacuation hospital on the hillside.

I followed the muddy path up the hill, over the duckboard walks that joined the huts and tents of the crude hospital city, and found headquarters, from which I was guided to a special ward, the door of which was marked "No Visitors Allowed," which told its own story of the critical work that went on behind it. By special permission, I was taken in by the captain in charge for the day and the American Red Cross nurse in Army service, and there I spent a day and a night with a little company of our sickest boys.

And there, hidden away in a far corner of France, within the sound of guns and under the droning airplanes amidst the groans and moans of these unconscious boys, their cries and mumblings, and the weak gasps of the dying, in the foul air of mingled ether and rotting blood and the body stench of weeks of battlefield—there I found in fullest bloom the flowers of goodness, humanity, and nobility.

Only two boys were in the ward when I entered. I made the acquaintance of one when he asked for water and the nurse allowed me to give it to him. He had a mass of dull black hair. His face was gray and damp with a cold sweat; there was a general smell of blood as I went near his bed. When I touched his forehead, it felt as if he had been out in a winter rain. A brown cross had been painted there to indicate that some special medical treatment had already been given him on his way down from the field. He drank eagerly the meager drops of water he was allowed to have. The free hand, that he raised to guide the tiny pitcher, was covered with blood stains and the grime of many days. Protruding from the bloody bandage on the other hand was one free finger that looked as if it had been dipped in blood and dried. The doctor came and adjusted new pads under his legs that were bleeding through their hasty battlefield bandages, for his condition was too weak to permit of their proper attention in the operating room. The boy asked to turn a little to one side, even one inch; but when he tried to do so, with the gentle assistance of the doctor, his face winced, the cold sweat oozed still more, he gasped but did not utter a word or moan as he sank back; it couldn't be done. Then he wanted more water. He begged for it with his ashen face and his dry lips and all the parched thirst of his tortured being, but this time it had to be denied. That burden, too, he bore silently.

Across the aisle the nurse was waiting on the other patient. His eyes were closed tight. There were little rims of yellow between the lids. She was dropping liquid on them and softly washing with a piece of cotton. As she did so, she spoke little caressing words, with just the same tender accent that a mother would have had —the way a nurse would do if she were a heroine in a book, only here she was a reality. He had to strain to squeeze a whisper from his burned throat. "Oh, nurse, you don't know what I've suffered from that gas—you don't know——"

She waited while he coughed, with a deep, violent spasm and turned himself restlessly in the bed.

"I know, son" (she was his junior), "I know," soothingly. "This will make it feel better; this liquid will help. There, is that better?"

He asked for a drink of water, and she got it for him. She finished, and went away. The balm of her sympathy had soothed his spirit. He was especially quiet for a little while. Then he called again, "Nurse."

"Yes, son," with the same kindly concern.

"A drink of water."

"A drink of water?" Quite as if she had never heard the request before, and it was the sweetest chance she ever coveted. "All right, son."

Quiet again for a little while, and then again, "Nurse."

This time the busy nurse indicated that I might answer. "What is it, lad?"

"A drink of water."

I gave it to him. He drank, and then while I was there, he said, "Am I going to get well?"

"Certainly you are, son."

"If I don't"—I expected to hear of his own distresses, his own sorrows—"if I don't," he repeated, "God bless the people here."

The doctor, meantime, had been taking the blood-pressure of the black-haired boy; his face gave no evidence of the terribly low figure that I saw him mark in his book. For that boy, although the other fight was over, the most desperate part of his battle had but commenced—his drive for home. The doctor gave prompt directions to the nurse and to a soldier-orderly, and himself prepared for more highly technical ministrations. They had but started when a soldier messenger came to say that another wounded patient would soon arrive from the operating room. I followed the messenger out to another ward and, with a doctor, went to the small, white, ether-smelling operating room. On the table there a human being was lying

Several tall doctors stood over him in quiet, rapid, bloody work. The only sound in the hushed room was the deep, terrific panting of the young spirit galloping

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against death. There was a solemnity in this presence of a human body in such a desperate struggle. Around his closed eyes there was the deathly tint of the body's agony. Under the white cloth that was held so closely over his face I could just see the roundness of his young cheek—one of our boys, fighting his awful fight, for the dear privilege of life.

WHEN I came away from the room the sound of his panting breath was still in my ears. I went back to the ward again. Its spaciousness had a new quiet. There death crept at a stealthier pace. Doctor and nurse were busy. The overworked heart of the gas patient must be relieved of its congestion. The depleted veins of the other patient must be refilled with serum and borrowed human blood corpuscles. There were the long, technical preparations to be made, and meantime the constant calls for water, the eyes to be soothed, the scorching throat to be sprayed. The young soldier-orderly was as careful and considerate as a woman, while yet one of their comrades to whom they were accustomed. He called each one "buddie," and was so called by them in return. In the midst of all came the sound of heavy footsteps in the corridor outside, a hollow clump, clump, on the thin wooden floor built high above the mud and wet, the click of the iron latch, the double doors opening wide, and soldier litter-bearers entering with their heavy burden.

They placed him in the bed next to the black-haired boy. The odor of ether permeated the atmosphere, and mingled with the smell of blood in the warm room. The doctor temporarily left his other tasks and examined the new patient. There was no blood-pressure to put into his book; it couldn't even be found. The blue lips and the cold, wet face told the story only too plainly. Quick measures were necessary. The doctor made a careful choice of his most vital task among the three patients. Then, but a moment more, and again the heavy clump, clump of footsteps, and the doors opening wide to let in the litter-bearers with another sleeping figure.

This one's face was muddy and unshaven. There was no odor of ether, this time but a smell of fresh soil and dampness. The curved end of a splint lifted the blanket at his shoulder, and another splint protruded at the foot. His uniform, stiff with blood and mud, was still on him, except for the parts that had been cut away at the arm and leg. Again the doctor had to leave other tasks for a quick examination and to give a few preliminary directions, and another choice had to be made of the most vital necessities, with always the little decisions to make on the cries for water and other comforts. He worked calmly, efficiently, never a moment lost, with a healthy reasonableness and kindliness to those small decisions even in the midst of his hurry with more important things—unresting, untiring.

And then the black-haired boy, with his tortured stomach and failing heart, had a new and such a human want—tobacco. The burden of that unsatisfied desire, also, he bore uncomplainingly.

The ether boy was commencing to awaken. The new muddy patient with the splints groaned in his profound slumber. There were still the inevitable cries for water, and then again the wide-opening doors and the litter-bearers with another patient.

Under the blankets there was the outline of only one leg. The boy cried out in his semi-consciousness and begged that the weights be lifted (from the leg that was not there). He moaned that they were killing him, and then sank back again into unconsciousness. And by this time the brown-clad litter-bearers were entering with still another patient.

As they brought him in, his eyes were looking around at his strange new environment. He had not shaved or washed for many days. Bandages were around his neck. He sank weakly into the bed, with his eyes bright and wide open. The orderly cut off his filthy clothes, and a new malodor mingled with the air in the room. Over his blankets they placed a little wire roof and over that other blankets, under which they poked the nose of a small stove-pipe that led from a little oil-stove on the floor and carried heat to his chilled body. He talked continually in a low rapid monotone. "You don't know what time they're going to start, boys—you never can tell—you never can tell—something to eat, not a bite to eat—you can't tell when they'll start—three days now and I haven't had anything to eat—not a thing—ten days since I've eaten—"

I walked down the aisle, and as I passed his bed he turned his head and his bright eyes followed me along, just able to see me around the wire roof that was over him. "I see ye," he said, "I see ye—ye can't fool me—I see ye—I'll get ye—I'll get ye——" (still continuing in his monotone)—"they came right out there under fire and picked me up—you've got to hand it to those boys—no use in talking, buddie—you've got to hand it to 'em—you've got to hand it to 'em——"

THE operated boy had fully awakened. His first word was "water." The discipline, the self-control, his pain, fatigue, hardships that he had experienced in the whole campaign, were as nothing compared with the discomfort he had to endure from his thirst, which must not be assuaged

"Nurse, nurse—just one drop—once more, only one drop."

He was given one drop. His eyes glowed with the excitement of his great ill-being. His mind seemed to be speeding like lightning. He tossed his head and moved his arms with quick, forceful movements. "One more drop of water, nurse. What time is it? Not the same day? Hell! Oh, nurse, excuse me. One drop of water—just one drop."

"Will you promise not to swallow it?"

"Ah, *oui, oui, oui!* But believe me, when I get well, I am going to drink beaucoup water! What time did you say it was? Only that! Oh, nurse, I wish I could sleep—if I could only sleep—I can't sleep," tossing and catching sight of the unconscious boy in the next bed. "Lucky devil, asleep! Water, nurse, please, water—water—tout-de-suite—I hate to trouble you" (he had fought for months for his country, and his death was but a few hours away) "I do hate to trouble you, nurse, but I sure have got beaucoup thirst—ou, la, la! All right, I suppose you know best."

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And then, after the other treatment that he had received almost continually, the nurse came with a vessel of transparent liquid that was hung on a nail over the bed, from which vessel ran a tube with a needle on the end. The needle, that to me looked huge, was to be inserted in the boy's breast. The doctor said, "I'll have to hurt you a little," and with that in went the needle, that took a good deal of muscular force to insert. The sick boy did not allow himself to make one flicker of an eyelid from the pain. With the failing pulse, the blue lips, the cold, damp face that spoke so eloquently of the dying body, his strong American will, his fine male spirit, was unweakened.

There that vessel hung. With such a terrible ill-being in his eyes, he occasionally looked up at it, to see if the liquid were diminishing so that the needle might be taken out. In an hour I could see no falling of the quantity. He looked again and again for the water line to go down, and even at the end of what I think was another hour I could hardly detect any difference. He turned his troubled eyes to me and said, with the strongest self-control in his voice, "I think it's going down a little now."

Other patients were brought in. The day wore on, doctor, nurse, and orderly becoming busier and busier, with more emergency medical measures to be taken, more cries of water to be satisfied, more moans to soothe, more bloody clothes to cut away—until night came, and the tired workers had to put a few last things in order and give over their tasks to others who had rested through the day.

There was only one light in the ward, at the end of the long dark room. Cloths were hung over the outside of the windows, lest some glimmer of light spill out and invite a bomb from an enemy airplane. The night doctor carried a lantern to light his work from bed to bed.

Over the troubled spirit of the operated boy, whose eyes all the afternoon had glowed with the unnatural speed of his galloping mind and nerves, a new quiet had fallen. He lay in an easy, comfortable position, one leg slightly raised, his head a little to one side, and gradually his eyes closed and his chest grew calmer. Some visiting doctors came in for a moment, and one of them bent close to his face and listened for his breath, but there was no change or waking in the eyes. And by and by the other doctor of the night came, and listened, and lifted his lantern to the peaceful face. The double intonation of a big gun boomed in the distance. The sound jarred the windows and rattled the door latch. The boy in the next bed stirred and moaned and asked for water. The doctor drew the sheet over the calm face. Nurse and orderly continued moving about among the beds, standing close by the side of the dead while they ministered to the living. Neither comrade in the two near beds knew that he was dead. There was no revulsion of any of us against the dead body. He was just one of our boys. By his one side a boy was sleeping; on his other side a boy was dying. He himself was dead—that was all. There was no horror about it. He, too, seemed just to be sleeping.

Two soldiers came with an empty litter and took his form away, and with them I went out into the clear night. There was a beautiful sky, with a late golden crescent moon in its mysterious last quarter. Up there in the north was the familiar "Big Dipper," with its two stars pointing toward the North Star—just the same sky, just the same stars, that were shining over that other land back there, still in God's world.

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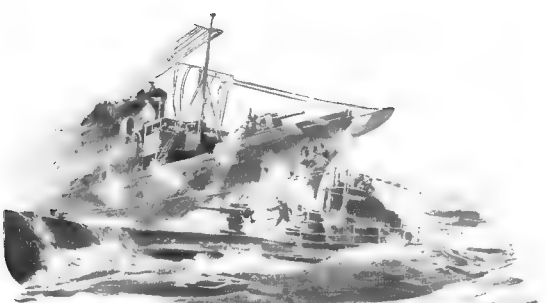

"When a submarine appeared, these frail guardians must dart at it and ram it"

Small but Valiant

By Ruth Wright Kauffman

Illustrated by J. O. TODAHL

OH, you painted your hull like an Easter egg,
And you filled your bunkers with coal,
And you waved good-bye to Mollie and Meg,
Though you waved without seeing a soul,

You slipped from your moorings as still as you please—
And you're only a little craft—
But you put your nose to the wildest seas,
And the battleships thought you daft,
Daft—the battleships thought you daft!

"Not worth a torpedo," is that what they say,
When a hit would blow you sky high?
But you search by night, and you convoy by day;
You drop depth-charges and hurry away,
And listen—was that a cry?

You pick up a dozen shivering men;
You challenge each trawler you meet;
You come into port, and you go out again
And you drink your punishment neat.
I guess that was what they were thinking when
They named you the Suicide Fleet.

Oh, your harlequin sides have encountered strange tides—
You're a rickety little craft –
But there's nowhere a braver sail that rides,
And what if the battleships laughed?
Many and many a time alone
You have done your task in the danger zone—
And the battleships called you daft
Daft?—Did the battleships call you daft?

WHEN the history of this war comes to be written, I wonder if the historians will look through their telescopes or their microscopes. I wonder if, in their zest for sizes and numbers they will not altogether neglect to see the fleet of small converted yachts that rushed to Europe even ahead of most of our destroyers.

We had declared war. Well, let us start it! It was a matter of a physical examination and the change from civilian clothes to a sailor's uniform: it took no longer than that to fill the crews of the smallest warships in the world. Without delay of any sort, this fleet of small boats—mere pleasure yachts for summer cruises –was taken over by the Government and converted into miniature destroyers.

Some of us have known these yachts by name—

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fragile craft no one of which had braved a winter in the North Atlantic. Their sides were painted harlequin —they're the funniest-looking fleet you ever saw when they're together—the captains gathered in their crews of volunteers, among whom were many of the original crews, plus freshly enlisted college men, who quitted their studies without waiting for their "finals," and the boats crossed the Atlantic to France. The first time I saw the *H*—— her crew were black with coal; one would have thought they had been heaving it, as they were then doing, all their lives.

These boats were to do anything that they were told —chase submarines, explode mines, be the scouts of the sea. Their most frequent job was the convoying of tramps, supply-ships, and transports through the danger zone. They would herd those big ships as a sheep-dog herds his sheep; they would dash behind and ahead and 'round about, far westward in the Atlantic and northward along the English Channel. When a mine was sighted, these cockle-shells, which one mine could obliterate, must turn their makeshift guns on it and blow it up; when a submarine appeared, these frail guardians must dart at it and ram it, if their speed would allow; if the submarine submerged, then the nearest member of the Suicide Fleet must pounce upon the spot that submergence left on the surface, drop a depth charge, and get away before the resulting explosion blows the yacht itself to atoms.

The other day, I asked one of the doctors in charge of a base hospital at the naval front if he had had many thrilling adventures.

"We've had some strange cases in here," he said, "but my most thrilling experience, I think, was on a dark night last winter, when a number of our doctors, myself included, went out in a boat in the harbor to meet the survivors of the converted yacht *Alcedo*, which had been sunk by a German submarine. We had received word that a French torpedo boat was bringing in the rescued, about whom we knew nothing more; but we had reason to believe that, after eighteen hours in the open boats in a November sea, every man would have to be taken to hospital. We hunted all over the harbor for the torpedo boat, for the night was black, with a fog besides.

"It was nearly midnight, and we had almost given up finding her, when suddenly her light was on us, and those men—all who were left—limped or were carried down the ladder to us. You can realize how weak they were when I tell you that one big, husky boy who attempted it alone lost his balance just as he was about to enter our boat and fell into the water; a couple of gobs had to jump in and fish him out. And yet, the amazing thing was how few cases of pneumonia we had: the men must have been in wonderful physical condition."

Let me tell you the entire story of the *Alcedo*—as the historian (whether he looks through his telescope or his microscope) will do well to tell it when he comes to write the history of the war—in the words of those who took part. Let me tell it just as one of the survivors, a boy of about eighteen, told it to me the other day:

"He was so weak that he couldn't hold to the rope I had thrown to him. So I ran back to the fantail . . . and jumped into the water. . . We both were brought on board safely"

"We left New York Harbor about the fifth of June and pulled down to another port and coaled ship. Then we pulled to still another port and coaled ship again, and set sail. We hit a heavy storm, which lasted two days. We arrived at Brest on the 25th of June.

"We lay in Brest for two weeks, and then we carried out our first convoy. On this first big convoy work, we were rammed by the *W*——. It knocked us all out of our bunks, bent in our bow; but though we were for a time alarmed, we found that the damage was slight, and we made port without help.

"The second time we went out, we were about two days at sea and had picked up our convoy and were on the way in when the *Antilles* was torpedoed. She went down in four and a half minutes, and we picked up a hundred and sixty-three survivors.

"I saw a guy coming down off the starboard bow, and I threw a rope to him. He was so weak that he couldn't hold to the rope. So I ran back to the fantail, and one of the boys tied a rope around me. Then I jumped off the fantail into the water. They threw me a rope, and I tied it on the man, and we both were

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brought on board safely. We came into port with our survivors and turned them over to the doctors and Red Cross nurses from the Navy base hospital

"The third time we went out, we were three days at sea and picked up five ships with the assistance of four torpedo boats and three yachts. On the way in, the *Finland*, a big transport, was hit and a big hole bored in her side. We picked up ninety-three of her crew who had jumped overboard.

"The fourth time we were out"—and please note how the language becomes more colloquial—"I was laying in my bunk about one thirty in the morning when I was waked up by the general alarm. I raised up on my elbow and started to get out of my bunk when I was suddenly thrown into a big blaze. My head hit a stanchion and knocked me crazy for a few minutes. When I came to myself, I ran to my bunk to get my life-preserver, but my life-preserver and bunk were gone.

"So I ran up on deck, and she was awash. Then I run back down again into the compartment to look again for my life-preserver. I could not find it in the dark, and the water was about knee deep in the compartment. So I went back on deck and run back to the fantail, where I found one fellow trying to get a life-raft up on the railing. I gave him a hand and told him that, when he went to throw it over, to holler for me. That I was going back to see if I could find a life-preserver. I run back and the ship listed to port and run under. I heard the fellow holler: 'Here goes, Roy!' So I jumped into the water and swam for the life-raft. We hadn't been on the life-raft long before the whale-boat came alongside. We jumped to the whale-boat and she was half full of water. Soon we baled her out and began picking up men. All the other boats were turned bottom-side upward in the water, and some were filled full of shell-holes. You see, when the torpedo hit, it hit under an ammunition box and blew the three-inch shells into the air, and they come down through the life-boats.

"Then we got on the rafts on each side of the boats and turned the boats up. Each boat we held up while one man got in and baled it out. We had got most of the men picked up—the captain, too—when I heard a low, rumbling sound. I looked that way, and it was the German sub. He hollered to us, 'Come alongside.' He asked us 'What ship is dot?' The captain told him it was the *Alcedo*. He asked her tonnage, what we were doing, where we were going, how many guns we had, and if the captain or any of the officers were saved. The answer he got was that we were an empty tramp going back to the States, and that no officers were saved.

"Then he shoved off, and one of the boys asked him which way land was. He went down in the sub, came back up and said it was sixty miles northeast. Then we went to picking up the men.

"After we got all the men picked up that we could find, we stopped and hollered. It sounded lonesome as the devil. You couldn't hear nothing but the rippling of the water after we got done hollering. So the captain got his bearings by the North Star, and we started to go northeast.

"We thought we were the only ones saved. The next morning we looked into the boat to see who was saved.

"The sun came out, and it was a very pretty day.

"We had taken some tobacco and lay it out on an oar to dry; but after we got our tobacco dry, we didn't have any matches, so we threw the tobacco away.

"We pulled till twelve o'clock.

"Still we couldn't see anything. We didn't have anything to eat. We were getting kind of hungry.

"We pulled till two o'clock, when we saw the tip end of a light-house; then we doubled up on the oars

"We hadn't been there long before the whale-boat came alongside"

Go gle

"When a mine was sighted, these cockleshells, which one mine could obliterate, must turn their makeshift guns on it and blow it up"

and pulled from two till dark. We were getting in sight of the beach when two French airplanes came over us.

"After about thirty minutes, a French torpedo boat picked us up. The captain asked the French if they would bring us to Brest port, and they said they would.

"The French gave us wine, bread, and canned bill. We reached our port at about twelve o'clock at night and part of us went to the hospital and the other part to the barracks.

"All that went to the barracks got a blanket, and slept on deck.

"The next morning, they fitted us out with clothes, and we went to the paymaster, and asked him if he would please give us some money so we could get to Paris.

"He gave us twenty dollars apiece, and the Y. M. C. A. paid all our expenses to Paris and while we were there. We stayed in Paris six days, and we came back to our port and lay around for about a month without a thing to do.

"Then they split us up. Some went to the boats, some on the base, in the hospital and as police, and some went back to civilized country."

Fortunately, there was another boat-load saved from the crew of the *Alcedo*, and these landed in one of the tiny Breton fishing villages where Americans had never been seen before. The fisherfolk made a fête of their arrival, and one of the survivors told me he was sorry he ever had to leave that "burg." This handful of men straggled into Brest a day or so after being rescued, in peasants' frocks, caps and wooden shoes.

"Why, some of us got into the water in only our chimmies!" one lad told me. It was among this second lot, I think, that on a raft crowded with clinging figures, out there in open ocean, the officer of the raft said:

"We're overloaded. One of us will have to get off." And the words were not even out of his mouth before a sailor saluted; said, "Aye, aye, sir"; and dove into the sea

There is a little old yacht, about the oldest and slowest in the fleet, with a captain who is a small, quiet, unostentatious man, but the personification of energy and the pride of his crew. Once this yacht was in the English Channel and got an S. O. S. from a ship which sent word that it was being shelled by a submarine lying on the surface alongside. The captain of the yacht was six hours away when he picked up the call, but he did some quick thinking He decided to risk bluffing the Germans, and he framed a message in English to say that an American cruiser was coming immediately; he told the men to stand by their ship.

The submarine, of course, picked up his reply and precipitately submerged, leaving the ship which was not seriously injured. The men who had taken to the small boats were reassured, returned to their posts, and waited until the little old yacht lumbered up to their assistance on the following morning.

All of the Mosquito Fleet's boats carried a certain

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quantity of depth-charges. These depth-charges—I am tempted to call them death-charges—were discharged in the locality of a submarine and the boat discharging them hurried off as fast as it could so that it would not be injured by the explosion. Because of the turmoil that a depth-charge made in a certain area under the water, the submarine was put out of business, sometimes not at once, but almost certainly before he could reach his base, as the slightest derangement in the delicate mechanism of this underseas craft meant eventual disaster. One of the naval engineers on that little oldest boat of which I spoke sometime since, was asked by his captain to discharge a depth-charge from the stern and replied:

"I am afraid, sir, that your stern is not strong enough to stand the shock of the discharge."

Whereupon the captain answered: "Go ahead. If we blow off our stern, we'll bring the bow in, and then perhaps they'll give us a better ship."

But those heroic days, when the Mosquito Fleet had nearly all the heavy responsibility of convoying and submarine-chasing, are now over. The *Alcedo's* four eventful voyages are past, and the *Alcedo*, with a third of her brave crew, lies on the ocean's floor. One by one, each converted yacht was replaced, in most of its more dangerous and spectacular work, by American destroyers, upon which rested the duty of bringing our crowded transports safely to port and of convoying the empty boats out of danger on their return voyage for more men and more supplies.

Yet nothing so truly typical of the American spirit of idealism was done in this war as the generous offering of their lives, at the very outset, of the Mosquito Fleet crews; no greater heroism was performed than the silent heroism of the boys who, from hour to hour, risked their lives, with never a respite, in boats so small that a submarine did not often think it worth its while to waste a torpedo on one of them. The *Alcedo* was unlucky. The others were always prepared to be unlucky.

"I had a letter from my mother," a petty officer on one of these boats said to me not long ago, "and look what she said:

"'I wish you were home, of course, because you know I am always anxious about you when you are not here; but perhaps it is just as well, now that you are safely over there, for you to stay. I could hardly bear to think of you having to come back through that awful danger zone.'

"Dear little lady," he commented, "she had no idea in the world that I was never *out* of the danger zone, except times ashore when I got a few hours' liberty."

"Then he shoved off, and one of the boys asked him which way land was"

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Lest We Forget

By Francis R. Bellamy

Illustrated by HERMAN PFEIFFER

AFTER four and a half years of war, Paris sat unbelieving in its shuttered apartments, its cold hotels, its half-filled shops, its ill-lighted residences, in the great masses of camouflaged German artillery on the Place de la Concorde, the big, dirty Hun tanks beside the river, the Teuton machine guns along the Champs Élysées—the thing seemed like a dream.

And yet a hundred and fifty miles away, in Metz, the French Army marched through silent lines of Germanized Alsatians. In stripped Brussels, King Albert on his white charger led the Belgian Army into his capital. Through the streets of Luxembourg the Americans took their cheerful way. In Strasbourg General Gouraud heard the cheers of a liberated people. Over the Flanders countryside, the advancing armies of the British reached Namur and Liège, where once the German mailed fist knocked like thunder.

And over the roads toward the Rhine went the German Army, stripping the epaulettes from the shoulders of its officers, waving the red flag of revolution, belaboring the starved ponies from Russia and Galicia, singing new verses to the songs of the trenches:

> "We have given up the war
> Farewell Wilhelm, hello Peace.
> Back to our women and children,
> Oh, yo ho, yo ho, ho, ho!"

Clanking guns, forage wagons piled high with hay, ammunition trains drawn by oxen, French cows, dogs drawing machine guns, jangling monster caterpillar guns—all jammed the roads to Germany; while beside them marched and sang the German troops, each man wearing his revolutionary red ribbon.

From German houses hung banners inscribed, "*Freiheit, Gleichheit, und Bruderlichkeit.*" Along the Rhine revolutionary councils sold coal and wooden barracks to the citizens of the new republic—a republic rising on the ruins of starved and war-weary *Mittel Europa*.

In Baden, citizens' committees shot off thousands of rounds of ammunition, while stragglers touched off the heaps of emptied powder with their cigarettes. In Berlin, ill-nourished crowds stood apathetically before the Wilhelmstrasse, restrained by the new military police with the brassards of the new order on their arms; while in Alsace the thrifty peasant began to cart off the steel and iron of the dugouts, began to cut into cordwood, against the already chill winter, the wooden *chevaux de frise* of the barbed wire entanglements.

Germany had cracked, suddenly, irrevocably, surprisingly.

How was Paris to believe that?

In the cafés, American officers fresh from the corpse-filled forests of the Argonne discussed the question with trim Frenchmen, whose deep-set eyes had but lately seen the tragedy of Lille, with Britishers in whose memories the hollow-eyed ruins of Ypres and Armentières are etched forever. What had been the prime cause? That Grand Fleet which at the present stood guard, a thousand ships strong, about the humbled High Seas Fleet in the Firth of Forth? Blockade or St. Mihiel? Bulgaria and Turkey, or Foch's rapid blows? Or had the Germans had a change of heart?

Almost instantly the answer came. Alfred Girard arrived in Brussels, alone, in paper clothes and shoes, straight from a German prison camp—as straight, that is, as is possible when one travels at night and sleeps in the woods by day, and guards from a Hessian camp at the mines are after you.

Had Fritz had a change of heart?

Well, not the day before the armistice, at any rate. Not if hot irons applied to the feet to make one work were any sign; not if live Englishmen cast into blazing furnaces to strike *Kultur* into the hearts of the rest - not if these were signs! Oh yes, Alfred had seen these things with his own eyes at the Werniger mines in Hesse. Life was of little value in a prison camp, a German prison camp.

A change of heart? Say a change of diet more likely! A piece of chocolate bought Germany to-day, bought maps from village women, bought shoes and civilian paper clothes from workmen. One could escape from the Wilhelmstrasse itself with enough chocolate! Life was as cheap as ever; brutality as efficient. . .

Like a first, faint raindrop, came this pale little Alfred Girard, once of Tours, now of the 21st Colonials in Paris, followed instantly by another, Georges Tricoche, of Rueil, straight from Zerbst.

Had Fritz had a change of heart? Well, not four days ago. He was the same Fritz then who had shot the prisoners in the bitter winter because they could not rise to work on solidly frozen feet, who had bay-

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oneted—A change of heart? Why, Fritz of the camps was a brute, a beast, a quitter. . .

By twos and threes and little groups, the Belgian villages saw them come—the then first shower of the storm. And then the tempest broke, as the armistice became known and the prison camps of Germany gave out their living dead.

By the hundred thousand the released Russians—weak, tuberculous, starving—crowded the roads to Poland, making feeble raids on the stores of provisions the incoming German regiments brought back with them. From hundreds of prison camps, factories and mines, British, French, and Americans poured forth, sometimes merely kicked out by captors glad to see each hungry mouth depart, sometimes taken on trains toward the frontier and dumped at chance stations, in rags, without shoes, without food, in the dreary November winter of the Rhine country.

As far as Paris came hundreds of British; into Switzerland came thousands of Italians; into the French outposts came endless groups of French prisoners; while through the southern end of the line came an indescribable mixture of nationalities –Americans, French, English, Italians—dragging themselves into the American lines at Nancy, the French lines at Metz, the Red Cross canteen at St. Ludwig, a staggering, broken mob making its aimless way across No Man's Land, while the Allied and German Commissions debated whether to repatriate through Holland or Switzerland—a mob that answered Europe's question in no uncertain tones, although spoken barely above a whisper.

Perhaps an American can give us the answer best:

"Sure, I understand Fritz and his change of heart!

"They got me at Seicheprey in April, 1918. A couple of lieutenants and over a hundred men—I never saw the lieutenants again. They stuck us in a broken down church after they'd stripped us of our gas masks, coats, rifles, and shoes—you should have seen us carrying German wounded on stretchers in our stocking feet through the barbed wire entanglements -- and then they sent us to Conflans.

"We stayed there all night and they gave us black bread and water. In the morning, a German came in and said:

"Get up! We're going to show the people how you *Amerikaner* come over here to fight!'

"We huddled outside, and pretty soon along came a band and a company or so of Fritzies. They marched us all over town in our stripped condition with big signs, 'This is the way the *Amerikaner* came to fight!' No equipment of any kind, you see.

"When they got sick of that, they put us on the railroad again and after a day or so we got to Limburg, and finally a bunch of us were hiked down to a wire factory just outside Cologne. Barracks in the yard and a fence and guards.

"There were five hundred Russians and eighty Italians working there making wire and loading it in bundles on freight cars for barbed wire entanglements.

"Well, it wasn't so bad at first, except for the food. You wouldn't believe there was such stuff! Two soup meals a day and a tin of coffee. I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't seen it. They made the coffee from burnt acorns, and the soup from grass, leaves, and cow turnips, and once in a while you'd find twigs in it. They didn't have much else, I guess.

"They gave us a blanket apiece, and some old rags of overalls that the Russians had worn out.

"And we started. I was put at staking the wire in the freight cars. I wasn't much good at it, not the way the Russians were –they all weighed twice as much as I did; and Schulz—he was the sergeant—got sore on me. He said he'd see I worked. One hundred and eighty pounds on my shoulder and stagger—that was me. One day I caught my hand on the wire and gave it a nasty cut; then I got blood poisoning. I wanted to run a machine with one hand then and give my hand a chance to get well, but that old skunk wouldn't let me. I was a *schwein*, and *schwein* carried wire.

"I guess he found out an American wasn't a Russian. I went for him good, and landed him one he won't forget"

"Schulz handed me the news the papers had, too—the transports were all being sunk outside New York, and Paris was in revolt —all that kind of stuff. I didn't fall for it, but the Germans did and the Russians too. The Russians didn't know anything at all. They were like a lot of cattle—put their hands over their faces and let the Germans kick 'em and beat 'em all they liked, which was considerable in that wire factory. The flat of the bayonet was the favorite weapon.

"Schulz tried it on me one day when I didn't give a damn if I lived or died, but I guess he found out an

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"Two thirds of 'em died the first night out. Talk about Napoleon's retreat from Moscow! It wasn't in it"

American wasn't a Russian. I went for him good and landed him one he won't forget—where I got it out of that soup and coffee I don't know. But the rest held him off and after that he let me alone so far as bayonets were concerned.

"He and the rest of the Fritzies couldn't understand why we weren't like the Russians. The Russians worked their heads off for the premium—ten dollars a month for extra good showing. That was why they got the best of everything. We couldn't see it for dust. I guess we were the rottenest workmen they ever had in Cologne.

"Well, that went on for a while and I began to get weak. We all got weak. Finally we kept getting worse and worse until pretty soon we couldn't hardly stagger to work. One day twenty-four out of twenty-five of us were down sick. But you couldn't tell Fritzie that. *Sick?* Nothing!

"'Get up!' he'd say. And they'd drive us up. *'Sie mussen arbeiten, schwein.'*

"They couldn't call us enough names. They used to club my blood-poisoned hand to move me. And no food parcels at all.

"And still that cow turnip soup. We got pretty low about that time.

"But there wasn't any escaping. We slept with the Russians at first but we found they sneaked off and told the Germans everything, so we gave up our plans and went and slept with the Italians. And the dirt! You never saw anything like it. We had the same dirty blanket for seven months.

"And every day my buddy had to turn out 45 rolls of wire a day—1800 kilos a day and 220 a night—and I had eleven hours at the freight car. It was that or starvation. The British Welfare Committee gave us some meat tins at Limburg on June 4th, and at

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the wire factory they deprived themselves to send us some on July fourteenth. But that was all, and it lasted about one day. I put the dates down in my book for the fun of it.

"What with the whole thing we got pretty near to giving up the ghost. My, we'd roll up in those filthy blankets and wonder if it was going to be a five years' war. If it was, we just didn't seem to have any chance of life. We knew it after a while. We got weak—I couldn't even stagger with those wire rolls. But I didn't care. We didn't any of us care. We had to wear our underwear two weeks before they would let us wash it. And sweat! Good night!

"You wouldn't have known us for anything human at all in our wooden shoes and Russian paper rags, with what clothes we could get tied round our legs, working out in that Carlswerke yard.

"And always the no-work-no-soup stuff *beaucoup encore* from Schulz. Even the Russians got sore, finally, but *beaucoup* of the bayonet and a little *Deutsche* speech about 'no work no premium,' and they all slunk back.

"That went on about five weeks. Then one day out came Schulz with a book to sign. He had something for us. For us!

"Say, talk about Christmas! You never will know what Christmas is unless you were in that God-forsaken Carlswerke yard and saw Schulz hand out a lot of parcels. We knew what they were. There were postcards with them, which the Prisoners Committee had —they were sick prisoners who couldn't do anything more and the Germans had made 'em a committee. From the Red Cross in Berne they said. And then we opened them.

"Boy! The Germans had taken the soap—they always took that—and half the chocolate; but the rest was there, and say, we were alive again! What would have happened to us in another two weeks? You've got me. Half of us would have died sure! I'll never forget those parcels, and the other two from the British. I wish you could have seen us eat! Life—that is what the Red Cross says to me every time I see it.

"That was on August fifth—the third box we'd got since Seicheprey in April. The next day we got to worrying again. We worried only for six days, and then, bang! came another lot, and we felt like human beings. Somebody in Switzerland knew where we were and they weren't going to let us starve! (We didn't think of anything but food for a whole day—we were like a lot of cats in a garbage yard.)

"I wish you could have seen us eat! Life—that is what the Red Cross says to me every time I see it"

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"And we knew we were saved. The boxes came regularly after that. Time and time again the Germans took part of the stuff—the cigarettes usually, the soap always. But we didn't care; we had enough to keep alive on.

"And we didn't care what the Germans told us. Kids from the town came in and worked with us for a few hours every day then and we talked with them, and found out the papers were kidding everybody. The Statue of Liberty had been blown up, they told us, and the Americans couldn't get to Europe any more.

"When fall came on, we got the measure of the paper clothes—even paper buttons they had. They wore all right, but tore as easy as anything. And cold! You couldn't wash them, either. They shrunk. The Russians tore 'em all the time and we got fresh rags pretty regular.

"It wasn't until November, however, that we got wind of the troubles in Germany. In they came like a thunderclap then. One week they were all for the Kaiser, and a week later they were all for cutting his throat.

"The army had found out that he was a liar, they said, he and all his crowd. Except Ludendorff; they swore by Ludendorff. If he signed anything, it was so. They didn't blame him for a thing. But they were out after the hides of the Berlin crows that had started the war, and lied about the submarines and the revolts in France and the tortured Red Cross hospital prisoners.

"Licked? Oh, no! The Revolutionary Government made peace because everybody was going to quit now they understood each other. All the armies were going home. You couldn't beat a German army. That was the story. But Germany wasn't beaten, and it was the greatest place on earth.

"And us? Why, we could go on home, too! They'd see us in Stamford after the war! Like hell!

"And then the luckiest thing of all happened. A shipment of Red Cross stuff came in, with uniforms and hats and food and shoes. And we'd thought we were to leave in the morning, in those rags and wooden shoes.

"We could have yelled! We fitted ourselves out and gave the Italians some of the extra food, and before we knew it were being herded for Limburg. Fifteen hundred extra parcels there—and Fritzie wouldn't send 'em out because he said the railway was closed. But we had ours and lucky, too! No food for three days.

"Outside of Metz they shunted us off and told us to shift for ourselves—us and a bunch of Englishmen in the usual rags and stocking feet.

"I'll never forget that jaunt—over No Man's Land toward our lines, across barbed wire and dugouts and busted roads. We slept in ruined villages, pretty near frozen. And all around us, along the road before and behind us, was a gang of Englishmen and Frenchmen, emaciated and feverish, starved and all in. Most of 'em had bad suppurating wounds where the German guards had kicked and beat and struck 'em with bayonets. Two-thirds of 'em died the first night out. Just lay down in the road and never moved again. Talk about Napoleon s retreat from Moscow! It wasn't in it.

"What would have happened to us without the Red Cross stuff I don't like to think.

"What became of them I don't know. We stumbled into a colored regiment, 85th division, I think they said. It was night—about nine o'clock—and we heard the sentry. Say, his voice sounded good.

"'Where you all been?'

"And we told him.

"The meal they put up at the officers' mess I won't forget if I live to be ten thousand years old. . . ."

Thus a typical American.

The story of the Frenchmen and Englishmen is practically the same as the story of this Connecticut boy, with horrible, unprintable details, only some of these men had been in prison four years.

On Sunday, November 17th, more than a thousand British prisoners from ten different prison camps stumbled into the single town of Nancy. They were survivors, having walked over ninety kilos. All were dirty, weak, emaciated. Most of their comrades had died during the night. Two men died in the Red Cross canteen, waiting for food to be brought to them.

Most of them suffered from suppurating wounds due in many cases to blows from rifles and German guards. Others, kicked out of the prisons before daylight, had been caught in wire entanglements and were badly torn up. Their feet were merely huge blisters.

On Tuesday, November 19th, when the German hospital of St. Clement in Metz was reached, besides some hundreds of Allied prisoners, about sixty Americans were found in desperately bad condition. Most of the men were badly shot up and in frightful condition from neglect subsequent to the departure of the Germans, although the French population had gone in and done all they could prior to the arrival of the Army surgeons and the Red Cross.

Only the precautions of the Red Cross prevented a similar tragedy from happening to the thirty-five hundred American prisoners in Germany. Food parcels had been sent to all camps as well as uniforms and shoes and twenty-five hundred overcoats. In many cases, as it turned out, the American prisoners were able to give food to their less fortunate comrades, as at Limburg. More than two hundred thousand pounds of bread was loaned the British to help take care of their emergency.

From them all, however—Americans, French, British, and Italian—the testimony regarding Germany was the same.

Had Germany ended the war because of any change of heart?

No. Europe had the real answer—a change of diet. Germany was still a Germany unbeaten, in her own estimation. She was a Germany with a middle class bowing before the Hunger King but with *Kultur* in its heart.

Hunger, not humanitarian democracy, had made a revolutionary republic of the Hun Empire. The hegira of prisoners assured the world of that. Fritz was still Fritz despite his change of name.

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Strong Life—Long Life

The whole American people has a fresh, a renewed interest in bodily health and strength. We have seen our boys increase their lung-power, heart-power, muscle-power by the discipline and work of camp and army life. We have seen civilian men and women grow stronger and more enduring under the duties, restrictions, and personal service of war time. We more than ever realize that sound physical condition is the basis of enduring joy of life, that out of it come courage, self-direction, and satisfying efficiency in work and play

This department, limited as it has been because of the pressure of war material, will now have a chance to expand and be of greater service to us all. It is intended to give here, each month, interesting and authoritative information, advice, suggestion, out of the field of hygiene. We will welcome letters from readers telling of personal experiences in achieving health and strength. These may well be of service in editorial guidance Some may be printed as stimulating examples. All letters used will be paid for.

The articles this month are all by Emily Frances Robbins; the illustrations by Tony Sarg.

Be Kind to Your Teeth and Gums

"A number of boys with tender gums consulted the dentist"

AT the Grant Park Naval Training Station a number of boys with tender gums consulted the dentist Some of them complained of sore spots between the teeth. Dr. Cigrand, who has charge of the dental work at the camp, says that various theories were brought forward to explain the condition. Among them were "change of food," the "cold breezes of the lake," and "boxes of sweets from somewhere in America." He was not satisfied with these diagnoses, so he scraped off a piece of the gum tissue of one of the patients and put it under the microscope. He discovered that the tissue contained tiny slivers of wood and that the "lumber-yard toothpick" had done the damage.

Upon inquiry Dr. Cigrand discovered that the Quartermaster's "chow" rooms had been robbed by the men of bunches of toothpicks, which they used to chew on during periods of nervousness. To prevent further trouble, he had the old wood toothpicks eliminated and introduced polished French goosequill toothpicks. He then established a rule that no sailor was allowed to use a toothpick for more than two minutes after meals. In a month the epidemic of sore gums subsided.

Soft foods rob the jaws of part of their normal exercise; as a result we often feel a craving to chew something. We are liable to chew toothpicks, rubber-bands, pencils, or gum, or to bite on metal objects, such as paper clips. This craving should be normally satisfied at meal time by hard foods, such as tough bread or meat fibre, or toasted crackers or celery.

When food is eaten slowly and sufficiently mixed with saliva, most of the spaces between the teeth are washed clean after a meal. When soft food is used and little saliva is called upon, the spaces are liable to become filled with food pastes. Thorough mastication and the use of fruit at the end of the meal will leave a fairly clean mouth, and no toothpick is likely to be needed. When it is used, care should be taken not to bruise the gums.

A Good Time—A Great Medicine

NATURE, in her scheme of things, did not forget our pleasures. In fact, the whole normal physical organization is attuned to a good time.

Eating is a fundamental necessity, but so contrived as to be one of our greatest enjoyments.

Who has not realized, when he has watched soldiers marching, the clean, unadulterated pleasure of an even swing? No one whose muscles are normal, who is most likely hungry and thirsty for similar exercise and

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"To enjoy the real pleasures of walking, it must be natural walking"

rhythmic expression, can fail to feel this "call of the wild," the fundamental joy that lies in just using muscles as they were given us to use.

To enjoy the real pleasures of walking, it must be natural walking. That means that the feet must be shod in boots that conform to the anatomy of the foot, and that the clothing must be loose, porous, and hung lightly from the shoulders. In one of the recent Liberty Loan parades, where long columns of scientifically clothed soldiers and sailors were followed in the line by groups of women in civilian dress, the differences in marching qualities were strikingly apparent. Many of the women wore pointed-toed shoes and high heels and therefore lacked any firm grip on the ground.

Man's hectic and artificial attempts at a commercial good time, as represented in such pleasure devices as they put up at the shore resorts—the merry-go-round, the scenic railway, or the roller-coaster—are but pitiful digressions from the real roads to pleasure.

There are no pleasures so enjoyable and so beneficial as the fundamental ones that are the gifts of God. Walking is one of them. Real pleasures always promote health, as well as self-respect and social serenity.

"Look Out! It May Not Be Dyspepsia"

ALL sorts of abdominal troubles pass for dyspepsia, when people neglect the doctor and will not have themselves physically examined. The stomach seems to act as the spokesman for organs more or less remote.

In one large clinic it has been found that of the "dyspepsia" cases only 20 per cent. are really diseases of the stomach. Forty per cent. of the troubles are in some other region of the abdomen, and another 40 per cent. are located outside of the abdominal cavity.

Before the day of the X-ray, 1,000 autopsies that were made at one of the large American hospitals showed that the doctors had diagnosed gastric cancer rightly in 72 per cent. of the cases, but that they had been correct in only 26 per cent. of the cases thought to be peptic or duodenal ulcer. Since the X-ray has been used extensively, however, reports from one hospital for several years back show, by autopsy, diagnoses of duodenal ulcer were correct in 67 per cent. of cases.

Gall bladder disease, peptic ulcer, duodenal ulcer, appendicitis, and cancer, are some of the conditions that pass for "dyspepsia" until proper medical examination locates the real difficulty.

The early symptoms of gall bladder disease are usually gas eructations, a sense of fullness after eating, or of oppression in the stomach and tenderness. In peptic ulcer there is pain, coming on at regular intervals after eating. Duodenal ulcer has different characteristics. The pain is generally relieved by eating. The symptoms of this condition are so characteristic to a doctor that there is a saying among

"All sorts of abdominal troubles pass for dyspepsia"

medical men that it is a disease that can be "diagnosed by mail." The early stages of cancer may not give any pain. Cancer often follows in the wake of neglected ulcer. "Appendix dyspepsia" is a term that the physicians sometimes use to designate a chronic appendicitis that the patient thinks is "only stomach trouble."

Chemical analysis of the stomach contents, X-ray physical examination, blood and urinary tests, and many other devices are now available to those who wish to have correctly diagnosed their stomach trouble.

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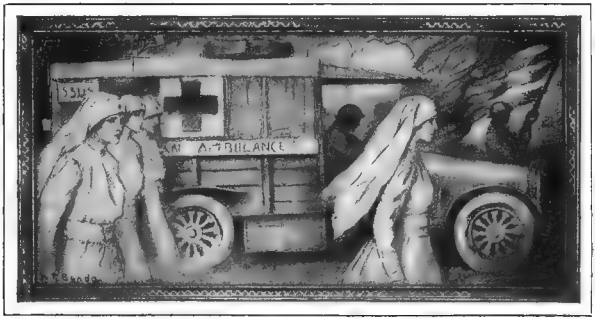

The March of the Red Cross

THE beginning of 1919 found the American Red Cross facing a vast field of activity in the period between war and peace. But the new tasks presented so many differences from those of wartimes that the problem of readjustment was quite as great as that of the society's future labors. Supplies gathered in preparation for a long war had to be reclassified, and uses found for such of them as were not needed by our armies remaining overseas. The personnel abroad and at home required curtailment and redistribution.

As seen from National Headquarters in Washington, the situation demanded as careful watching as any emergencies arising in the midst of war. Many of the business men who had volunteered in 1917 stayed at their posts. Every effort was made to conserve resources, prevent waste, and maintain efficiency through the interval of realignments—to live up to the wartime record of expending one dollar and one cent on relief for every dollar contributed. This achievement of the extra cent had been possible because of the interest on invested funds, and skilled leadership was still needed to ensure the most economical management, as well as the most effective use, of the accumulated supplies and money.

One of the War Council's important moves before the New Year was the appointment of a Committee on Cancellation and Liquidation of Contracts, with authority to terminate agreements for supplies pending in America, and to dispose of supplies stored here but no longer required. At the same time, with an eye to the far future, the Council ordered a systematic cataloguing of all Red Cross records and files, in case any crisis in the years to come should necessitate a revival of activity on the scale of 1917-1918. In connection with the immediate future of humanitarian work throughout the world, Chairman Henry P. Davison went to Europe shortly before the New Year to help perfect such worldwide reconstruction plans as might be decided upon after conferences with President Wilson and the heads of foreign governments.

Work with the Army

CHIEF among the extensions of service to our soldiers in France have been the enlargements of canteen facilities at Bordeaux, Brest, and other embarkation ports; the establishment of stations and assignment of workers to receive American prisoners coming out of Germany, of whom 1,700 were cared for at Vichy, Strassburg, and Metz prior to January 1; the installation of new canteens at many points, including Nancy and Revigny; and the business of keeping pace with the American Army of Occupation as it marched to the Rhine. Searchers, nurses, doctors, and supplies were forwarded in great quantities to Treves, Stenay, and other distributing points. In Alsace, all

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the wounded who had been abandoned by the retiring Germans were cared for and sent by ambulance to base hospitals.

For supplies furnished to returning American prisoners, the War Council appropriated $434,258 in December. Aid was not confined to Americans, however, for the field agents gave much of their time to trans-shipping and equipping destitute Russians, Serbians, and other Allied prisoners passing homeward through France, Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland.

Among the soldiers' families in this country relief work increased rather than diminished after the armistice, and it will yet go on for a long time. The returning troops, besides being welcomed and aided to reach their homes expeditiously as soon as they are demobilized, have been informed that Red Cross help in resuming their civilian life can be had for the asking. Watchfulness over conditions around camps and cantonments, where soldiers by hundreds of thousands have been quartered for short periods in the transition between debarkation and discharge, has not been relaxed. To keep up the sanitary safeguards for preventing communicable diseases in these areas, in conjunction with the U. S. Public Health Service, an additional appropriation of $75,000 has been ordered by the War Council.

One of the war activities suspended for the current year is knitting. With an adequate amount of finished articles on hand or being made in chapter workrooms, and with a big supply of yarn in the warehouses, the managers of chapter production recommended this action. The chapters were asked to complete articles which had been started before December 23, but to give out no additional yarn. A committee to Headquarters at once began an inventory to determine the best disposition of surplus materials.

Nursing in Peace Time

A DECISION to develop nursing activities in the days of peace was reached within a month after the war's last shot. On December 12 the General Manager, George E. Scott, sent to all divisions an outline of the plans. In the course of it he said:

"With the declaration of peace, the further develop-

A home in Archangel, North Russia, where Red Cross officers are billeted. This is Madame Elmira Karlovna Potz and her four children. The young women of the family are much like Americans in appearance and in their freedom from conventionality

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ment of our public health nursing, and of our courses of instruction, which have been temporarily interrupted by the more insistent needs of war, will now be among the foremost activities of the Red Cross. The withdrawal of 25,000 graduate nurses from civilian service during the past two years has awakened the women of the country to the necessity of such instruction as will enable them to maintain, so far as possible, the health of their families, to care for minor illnesses in their own homes, and to coöperate intelligently in community service. It is hoped that many graduate nurses about to be released from military service may be directed into public health nursing and educational work, thus serving the community rather than the individual, until a high standard of public health is established.

"To accomplish this end, active and vigorous coöperation from all Red Cross chapters is imperative. It is planned that each chapter will have a Committee on Nursing Activities, through which all matters relating to this work may function."

The functions within the scope of the chapter through such a committee are: To develop and aid in the organization of public health nursing; to coöperate in the organization of committees on nursing activities in branches and auxiliaries where desirable; to conduct a continuous educational campaign in the territory of the chapter for the promotion of Red Cross nursing activities; to coöperate with Federal, State, or local public health officials and bodies, and with the Federal Children's Bureau, in health campaigns; to organize and conduct classes in home hygiene, care of the sick, and in dietetics; and to coöperate in the enrollment of nurses.

At about the same time the War Council approved a plan which interested all Red Cross war workers—the appointment of a Committee on Awards for Recognition of Service, with authority to award medals and certificates for Red Cross work, whether in the danger zones in France or in the home lines.

Continuance of Foreign Relief

REARRANGEMENT of foreign relief activities since the armistice has been no simple task. Quantities of supplies have been shifted to new destinations on cabled orders; Red Cross men and women have moved on short notice to fields far from where the war found them; new commissions have been appointed to work in lands heretofore controlled by the enemy; and new units organized wherever there was need of succor to the homeless or starving people whom their own governments were unable to serve immediately.

An upper-class residence in Archangel. The better-grade houses are built of logs and have large rooms warmed by immense stoves. The entrance is always on the second floor, reached by a covered stairway

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Lieutenant E. W. Hallowell, of Los Angeles, with two of his local supporters in the Red Cross work at Archangel

In response to inquiries concerning rumors of the use of Red Cross money for the benefit of the Central Powers, this notice was sent by the General Manager to all division managers a few weeks after the armistice began:

"No relief work of any kind whatever is contemplated by the American Red Cross within the Central Powers, except such as may be possible for the benefit of American or Allied prisoners, refugees, and interns."

In France, where extensive peace plans had been prepared by the home government while yet the guns were booming, the American Red Cross has followed its announced policy of supplementing official relief work when it was asked to do so. It has, of course, been glad of the opportunities to continue any useful functions that originally devolved upon it through the emergencies of war. From the stations that serve our own soldiers and from other centres, supplies are given to civilians in the recovered districts, where complete rehabilitation will be a work of years. Since December much material has been shipped from this country, under a War Council decision that surplus goods worth $1,409,000, in divisional storehouses near the Atlantic seaboard, should be diverted to France.

A commission for Rumania, headed by Dr. H. Gideon Wells, formerly of the Balkans Commission, has resumed the relief interrupted when the Germans overran the country, and an initial appropriation of $1,000,000 has been authorized, pending the receipt of a detailed budget. To Greece and Serbia have been shifted supplies from warehouses in France, especially clothing and material urgently wanted for winter use. One appropriation, voted later in December, was $120,772 for 50,000 pounds of knitting yarns, 4,000 sets of knitting needles, and 32,000 yards of cloth, all for Greece from the reserve stocks in hand. A Montenegrin unit recommended by the Balkans Commission has started work with an emergency fund of $300,000, under the directorship of Major E. G. Dexter.

Siberia got a quick affirmative response to a recent call for drugs costing $233,033, and for winter relief the War Council appropriated $1,254,000 in the form of 200,000 sweaters, 200,000 blankets, and 24,000 yards of cloth. In Siberia a new problem is the handling of prisoners returning from Germany in rags. Considerable work is also being done with anti-typhus trains.

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The first of the year found a new commission on its way to Siberia. It is headed by George W Simmons, heretofore manager of the Southwestern Division.

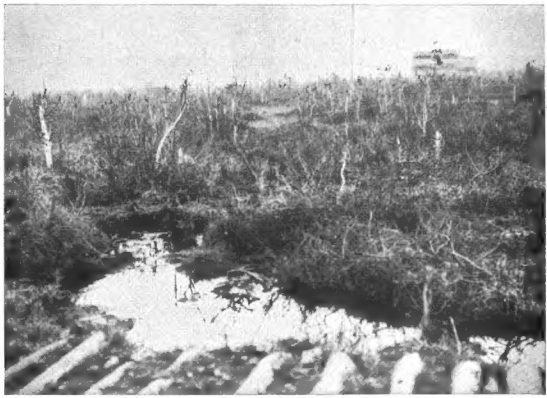
After an American transport unloaded tens of thousands of sweaters, socks, and cloth for 50,000 garments for the Czechoslovak soldiers, two Red Cross sanitary trains steamed out of Vladivostok to far-away Omsk, bearing part of the supplies. After delivering the clothing, the trains were used to transport wounded soldiers from the fighting line to hospitals at Omsk, Cheliabinsk, and Irkutsk. Each train had twenty-three cars, including one fitted up as an operating-room and another as a dentist's office. On each train were six physicians, a dentist, six nurses, seventy-six orderlies and stretcher-bearers, besides pharmacists, operating-room assistants, and cobblers.

In North Russia, the headquarters at Archangel has kept up its operations in the long Arctic night. A recent report, long in coming, told how 6,000 Christmas stockings had been filled by volunteer children from the public schools, and every American soldier in that region had received his share of gifts.

Up to the end of 1918, the appropriations for Palestine and the Near East had totaled $1,324,506.16. Approximately another million was added to this. Supplies have been going forward regularly from France and Italy. It is estimated that the Commission's personnel will number 200 by April.

The Red Cross has just made a plan for sending a special commission into Poland. While it is not intended to furnish food for the thousands of starving Poles any more than for the starving in other countries, the Red Cross expects to do a lot of supplemental relief work especially in the line of garments.

Even the active Red Cross member has been apt to lose sight of non-war relief in the last two years, so engrossing has been the story of the battlefronts and the lines that supported them. But in the war period there have been many calls for help connected either remotely or not at all with the war. A recent report shows that in 1917-18, twenty-five disasters of first magnitude found the organization ready. The scenes have ranged from the Orient to Guatemala. The worst of the disasters—unless the world-wide "flu" epidemic comes under that heading—were the Halifax harbor explosion, the Guatemala earthquake, the Tientsin flood, and the South Amboy (New Jersey) munitions explosion.



The kind of country over which the American forces in North Russia are operating—marsh and swamp land, with stunted wood growth. In the foreground is a corduroy road made of logs and filled in with a thin, unsubstantial moss

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